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BIRDS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Birds! birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings.
Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-deck'd land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand;
Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Gray-haired pilgrim, thou hast been
Round the chequered world I ween;
Thou hast lived in happy lands,
Where the thriving city stands;
Thou hast travell'd far to see
Where the city used to be;
Chance and change are everywhere,
Riches here and ruins there;
Pilgrim, thou hast gazed on all,
On rising pile and fading wall.
Tell us, saw ye not, brave birds,
In the crumbled halls of old,
Where monarch's smile and rulers' words
Breathed above the chalice gold?

Say who is it now that waits
At the "hundred brazen gates?"
Who is now the great High Priest,
Bending o'er the carrion feast?
Who is now the reigning one,
O'er the dust of Babylon?
It is the owl with doleful scream,
Waking the jackal from his dream;
It is the Raven black and sleek,
With shining claw and sharpened beak;
It is the Vulture sitting high
In mockery of thrones gone by.

Pilgrim, say, what dost thou meet
In busy mart and crowded street?
There the smoke-brown Sparrow sits,
There the dingy Martin flits,
There the tribe from dove-house coop,
Take their joyous morning swoop;
There the treasured singing pet,
In his narrow cage is set,
Welcoming the beams that come
Upon his gilded prison-home.

Wearied pilgrim, thou hast march'd
O'er the desert dry and parch'd,
Where no little flower is seen,
No dew-drop cold, no oasis green,
What saw'st thou there? the Ostrich fast
As Arab steed or northern blast,
And the stately Pelican
Wondering at intrusive man.

Pilgrim, say, who was it show'd
A ready pathway to the Alp?
Who was it crossed your lonely road,
From the valley to the scalp?
Tired and timid friends had failed,
Resting in the hut below,
But your bold heart still was hailed
By the Eagle and the Crow.

Pilgrim, when you sought the clime
Of the myrtle, palm, and lime,
Where the diamond loves to hide,
Jostling rubies by its side,
Say, were not the brightest gleams
Breaking on your dazzled eye
From the thousand glancing beams
Poured in feathered blazonry?
Pilgrim, hast thou seen the spot,
Where the winged forms come not!

Mariner! mariner! thou may'st go
Far as the strongest wind can blow,
But much thou'lt tell when thou comest back
Of the sea running high and the sky growing black,

Of the mast that went with a rending crash,
Of the lee-shore seen by the lightning's flash,
And never shalt thou forget to speak
Of the white Gull's cry and the Petrel's shriek.
For out on the ocean, leagues away
Madly skimmeth the boding flock,
The storm-fire burns, but what care they?
'Tis the season of joy and the time for play,
When the thunder-peal and the breaker's spray
Are bursting and boiling around the rock.

Lovers linger in the vale
While the twilight gathers round,
With a fear lest mortal ear
Should listen to the whisper'd sound.
They would have no peering eye
While they tell the secret tale,
Not happy may venture nigh,
Save the gentle Nightingale.

Swinging on the nearest bough
He may witness every vow,
Perch'd upon the tree close by,
He may note each trembling sigh;
Favoured bird, oh thou hast heard
Many a soft and mystic word,
While the night-breeze scarcely stirr'd,
And the stars were in the sky.

Up in the morning, while the dew
Is splashing in crystals o'er him,
The ploughman hies to the upland rise,
But the Lark is there before him.
He sings while the team is yok'd to the share,
He sings when the mist is going,
He sings when the noon-tide south is fair,
He sings when the west is glowing.
Now his pinions are spread o'er the peasant's head,
Now he drops in the furrow behind him,
Oh the Lark is a merry and constant mate,
Without favour or fear to bind him.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune,
The Robin that chirp'd in the frosty Decembers,
The Blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June,—
That school-boy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pull'd every blossom of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With "Hark! there's the Cuckoo, how close he must be."

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his Eagle and Peace with her Dove,
With the red bolt of Death and the olive of Love;
The fountain of Friendship is never complete
Till ye coo o'er its waters, so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the Owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light,
Oh where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft, glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms and ruffling your throats.
Oh! I would not ask as the old ditties sing,
To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king,"
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
"I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the Linnet, the Thrush, and the Wook-lark may hide,
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful Bird.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART V.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang!"

SHAKESPEARE.

I found the Jew in his den as usual, and communicated my object, like a man of business, in as few words as possible, and in that tone which showed that I had made up my mind. To my surprise, and, I must own, a little to the chagrin of my vanity, he made no opposition to it whatever. I afterwards ascer-

tained that, on the day before, he had received a proposal of marriage for his daughter from a German millionaire of his own line; and that, as there could be no comparison between a penniless son-in-law, if he came of the blood of all the Paleologi, and one of the tribe of Issachar with his panniers loaded with guineas, the sooner I took my flight the better.

"You are perfectly right," said he, "in desiring to see the Continent; and in Paris you will find the Continent all gathered into a glance, as a French cook gives you a dozen sauces in compounding one fricassee. It happens, curiously enough, that I can just now furnish you with some opportunities for seeing it in the most convenient manner. A person with whom I have had occasional business in Downing Street, has applied to me to name an individual in my confidence, as an *attache* to our embassy in France, though, be it understood, without an actual appointment."

I started at this dubious diplomacy.

"This," said he, "only shows that you have still to learn the trade. Let me then tell you, that it is by such persons that all the real work of diplomacy is carried on. Can you suppose that the perfumed and polished young gentlemen who, under the name of secretaries, and sub-secretaries, superior and inferior *attaches*, and so forth, haunt the hotels of the embassy, are the real instruments? It is true, they are necessary to the dinners and balls of the embassy. They are useful to drive out the ambassador's horses to air, escort his wife, and dance with his daughters. But the business is uniformly done by somebody of whom nobody knows any thing, but that he is never seen loitering about the ambassador's drawing-room though he has the *entree* of his closet; and that he never makes charades, though he corresponds from day to day with the government at home. Of course you will accept the appointment—and now, let me give you your credentials."

He unlocked a cabinet, which, except for its dust and the coating of cobwebs which time had wrought upon it, might have figured in the saloons of the Medici. The succession of springs which he touched, and of secret drawers which started at the touch, might have supplied a little history of Italian intrigue. At last he found the roll of papers which he sought, and having first thrown a glance round the room, as if a spy sat on every chair, he began to unroll them; with a rapid criticism on each as the few first lines met his eye. Every nerve of his countenance was in full play as he looked over those specimens of the wisdom of the wise. It would have been an invaluable study to a Lavater. He had evidently almost forgotten that I was present; and the alternate ridicule and disdain of his powerful physiognomy were assisted, in my comprehension, by notes from time to time—certainly the antipodes of flattery—"paltry knave"—"pompous fool"—"specious swindler." "Ambassador! ay, it were to send one to a nation of baboons." "Here," said he, throwing the bundle on the table, "if I did not despise mankind enough already, I have sufficient evidence to throng the pillory. I deal in gold; well, it is only such that can know the world. Hate, ambition, religion—all have their hypocrisies; but money applies the thumb-screws to them all. Want, sir, want, is the master of mankind. There have been men—ay, and women too—within this dungeon, as you think it, whose names would astonish you. Oh! Father Abraham!"

I finished the quotation—"What fools these Christians are!" He burst into grim laughter. "Here you have the paper," said he, "and I must therefore send you back to the secretary's office. But there you must not be known. Secrecy is essential even to your life. Stabbing in Paris is growing common, and the knowledge that you had any other purpose than gambling, might be repaid by a poniard."

He now prepared his note, and as he wrote, continued his conversation in fragments. "Three-fourths of mankind are mere blunderers, and the more you know of them the more you will be of my opinion. I am by no means sure that we have not some of them in Whitehall itself. Pitt is a powerful man, and he alone keeps them together; without him they would be potsherds.—Pitt thinks that we can go on without a war: he is mistaken. How is it possible to keep Europe in peace, when the Continent is as rotten as thatch, and France as combustible as gunpowder!—The minister is a man of wonders, but he cannot prevent thirty millions of maniacs from playing their antics until they are cooled by blood-letting; or a hundred millions of Germans, Spaniards, Dutch, and Italians from being pilfered to their last coin!—Old Frederick, the greatest genius that ever sat upon a German throne, saw this fifty years ago. I have him at this moment before my eyes, as he walked with his hands behind his bent back in the little parterre of Sans Souci. I myself heard him utter the words—'If I were King of France, a cannon-shot should not be fired in Europe without my permission.'—France is now governed by fools, and is nothing. But if ever she shall have an able man at her head, she will realize old Frederick's opinion."

As no time was to be lost, I hurried with my note of introduction to Whitehall, was ushered through a succession of dingy offices into a small chamber, where I found, busily employed at an *escrutoire*, a young man of a heavy and yet not unintelligent countenance. He read my note, asked me whether I had ever been in Paris, from which he had just returned; uttered a sentence or two in the worst possible French, congratulated me on the fluency of my answer, rang his bell, and handed me a small packet, endorsed—*most secret and confidential*. He then made the most awkward of bows; and our interview was at an end. I saw this man afterwards prime minister.

Till now, the novelty and interest of any new purpose had kept me in a state of excitement; but I now found, to my surprise, my spirits suddenly flag, and a dejection wholly unaccountable seize upon me. Perhaps something like this occurs after all strong excitement; but a cloud seemed actually to draw over my mind. My thoughts sometimes even fell into confusion—I deeply repented having involved myself in a rash design, which required qualities so much more experienced than mine; and in which, if I failed, the consequences might be so ruinous, not merely to my own character, but to noble and even royal lives. I now felt the whole truth of Hamlet's description—the ways of the world "flat, stale, and unprofitable;" the face of nature gloomy; the sky a "congregation of pestilential vapours." It was not the hazard of life; exposed, as it might be, in the midst of scenes of which the horrors were daily deepening; it was a general undefined feeling, of having undertaken a task too difficult for my powers, and of having engaged in a service in which I could neither advance with hope nor retreat with honour.

After a week of this painful fluctuation, I received a note, saying that I had but six hours before me, and that I must leave London at midnight.

I strayed involuntarily towards Devonshire House. It was one of its state dinner-days, and the street rang with the incessant setting down of the guests. As I stood gazing on the crowd, to prevent more uneasy thoughts, Lafontaine stood before me. He was in uniform, and looked showily. He was to be one of the party, and his manner had all the animation which scenes of this order naturally excite in those with whom the world goes well. But my countenance evidently startled him, and he attempted to offer such consolation as was to be

found in telling me that if La Comtesse was visible, he should not fail to tell her of the noble manner in which I had volunteered; and the happiness which I had thus secured to him and Mariamne. "You may rely on it," said he, "that I shall make her sick of Monsieur le Marquis and his sulky physiognomy. I shall dance with her, shall talk to her, and you shall be the subject, as you so well deserve."

"But her marriage is inevitable," was my sole answer.

"Oh, true; inevitable! But that makes no possible difference. You cannot marry all the women you may admire, nor they you. So, the only imaginable resource is, to obtain their friendship, to be their *pastor fido*, their hero, their Amadis. You then have the *entree* of their houses, the honour of their confidence, and the favoured seat in the boxes, till you prefer the favoured seat at their firesides, and all grow old together."

The sound of a neighbouring church clock broke off our dialogue. He took out his diamond watch, compared it with the time, found that to delay a moment longer would be a solecism which might lose him a smile or be punished with a frown; repeated a couplet on the pangs of parting with friends; and with an embrace, in the most glowing style of Paris, bounded across the street, and was lost in the crowd which blocked up her grace's portal.

Thus parted the gay lieutenant and myself; he to float along the stream of fashion in its most sparkling current—I to tread the twilight paths of the green park in helplessness and heaviness of soul.

This interview had not the more reconciled me to life. I was vexed with what I regarded the nonchalance of my friend, and began to wish that I had left him to go through his own affairs as he might. But reflection did justice to his gallant spirit, and I mentally thanked him for having relieved me from the life of an idler. At this moment my name was pronounced by a familiar voice; it was Mordecai's. He had brought me some additional letters to the leaders of the party in Paris. We returned to the hotel, and sat down to our final meal together. When the lights were brought in, I saw that he looked at me with some degree of surprise, and even of alarm. "You are ill," said he; "the life of London is too much for you. There are but three things that constitute health in this world—air, exercise, and employment." I acknowledged to him my misgivings as to my fitness for the mission. But he was a man of the world. He asked me, "Do you desire to resign? If so, I have the power to revoke it at this moment. And you can do this without loss of honour, for it is known to but two persons in England—Lafontaine and myself. I have not concealed its danger from you, and I have ascertained that even the personal danger is greater than I thought. In fact, one of my objects in coming to you at this hour was, to apprise you of the state of things, if not to recommend your giving up the mission altogether."

The alternative was now plainly before me; and, stern as was the nature of the Israelite, I saw evidently that he would be gratified by my abandoning the project. But this was suddenly out of the question. The mission, to escape which in the half hour before I should have gladly given up every shilling I ever hoped to possess, was at once fixed in my mind as a peculiar bounty of fortune. There are periods in the human heart like those which we observe in nature—the atmosphere clears up after the tempest. The struggle which had shaken me so long had now passed away, and things assumed as new as distinct an aspect as a hill or a forest in the distance might on the passing away of a cloud. Mordecai argued against my enthusiasm; but when was enthusiasm ever out-argued? I drove him horse and foot from the field. I did more; enthusiasm is contagious—I made him my convert. The feverish fire of my heart lent itself to my tongue, and I talked so loftily of revolutions and counter-revolutions; of the opportunity of seeing humankind pouring, like metal from the forge, into new shapes of society; of millions acting on a new scale of power, of nations summoned to a new order of existence, that I began to melt even the rigid prepossessions of that mass of granite, or iron, or whatever is most intractable—the Jew. I could perceive his countenance changing from a smile to seriousness; and, as I declaimed, I could see his hollow eye sparkle, and his fallow lip quiver, with impressions not unlike my own.

"Whether you are fit for a politician," said he, "I cannot tell; for the trade is of a mingled web, and has its rough side as well as its smooth one. But, young as you are, and old as I am, there are some notions in which we do not differ so much as in our years. I have long seen that the world was about to undergo some extraordinary change. That it should ever come from the rabble of Paris, I must confess, had not entered into my mind; a rope of sand, or a mountain of feathers, would have been as fully within my comprehension. I might have understood it, if it had come from John Bull. But I have lived in France, and I never expected any thing from the people; more than I should expect to see the waterworks of Versailles turned into a canal, or irrigating the thirsty acres round the palace."

"Yes," I observed; "but their sporting and sparkling answers their purpose. They amuse the holiday multitude for a day."

"And are dry for a week.—If France shall have a revolution, it will be as much a matter of mechanism, of show, and of holiday, as the '*grand jet-d'eau*.' He was mistaken. We ended with a parting health to Mariamne, and his promise to attend to my interests at the Horse-guards, on which I was still strongly bent. The Jew was clearly no sentimentalist; but the glass of wine, and the few words of civility and recollection with which I had devoted it to his pretty daughter, evidently touched the father's heart. He lingered on the steps of the hotel, and still held my hand. "You shall not," said he, "be the worse for your good wishes, nor for that glass of wine. I shall attend to your business at Whitehall when you are gone; and you might have worse friends than Mordecai even there." He seemed big with some disclosure of his influence, but suddenly checked himself. "At all events," he added, "your services on the present occasion shall not be forgotten. You have a bold, ay, and a broad career before you. One thing I shall tell you. We shall certainly have war. The government here are blind to it. Even the prime minister—and there is not a more sagacious mind on the face of the earth—is inclined to think that it may be averted. But I tell you, as the first secret which you may insert in your despatches, that it will come—will be sudden, desperate and universal."

"May I not ask from what source you have your information; it will at least strengthen mine?"

"Undoubtedly. You may tell the minister, or the world, that you had it from Mordecai. I lay on you only one condition—that you shall not mention it within a week. I have received it from our brethren on the Continent as a matter of business. I give it to you here as a flourish for your first essay in diplomacy."

We had now reached the door of the post-chaise. He drew out another letter. "This," said he, "is from my daughter. Before you come among us again, she will probably be the wife of one of our nation, and the richest among us. But she still values you as the preserver of her life, and sends you a letter to one of our most intimate friends in Paris. If he shall not be frightened out of it by the violence of the mob, you will find him and his family hospitable. Now, farewell!" He turned away.

I sprang into the post-chaise, in which was already seated a French courier, with despatches from his minister; whose attendance the Jew had secured, to lighten the first inconveniences to a young traveller. The word was given—we dashed along the Dover road, and I soon gave my last gaze to London, with its fiery haze hanging over it, like the flame of a conflagration.

My mind was still in a whirl as rapid as my wheels. Hope, doubt, and determination passed through my brain in quick succession; yet there was one thought that came, like Shakspeare's "delicate spirit," in all the tumult of soul, which, like Ariel in the storm, it was the chief cause, to soothe and subdue me. Hastily as I had driven from the door of my hotel, I had time to cast my eye along the front of Devonshire House. All the windows of its principal apartments shone with almost noonday brightness—uniforms glittered, and plumes waved in the momentary view. But in the range above, all was dark; except one window—the window of the boudoir—and there the light was of the dim and melancholy hue that instinctively gives the impression of the sick-chamber. Was Clotilde still there, feebly counting the hours of pain, while all within her hearing was festivity? The answers which I had received to my daily enquiries were cheerless. "She had not quitted the apartment where she had been first conveyed."—"The duchess insisted on her not being removed."—"Madame was inconsolable; but the doctor had hopes." Those, and other common-places of information were all that I could glean from either the complacent chamberlains or the formal physician. And now I was to give up even this meagre knowledge, and plunge into scenes which might separate us for ever. But were we not separated already? If she recovered, must she not be in the power of a task-master? If she sank under her feebleness, what was earth to me?

In those reveries I passed the hours until daybreak, when the sun and the sea rose together on my wearied eyes.

The bustle of Dover aroused me to a sense of the world. All was animation on sea and shore. The emigration was now in full flow, and France was pouring down her terrified thousands on the nearest shore. The harbour was crowded with vessels of every kind, which had just disgorged themselves of their living cargoes; the streets were blocked up with foreign carriages; the foreign population had completely overpowered the native, and the town swarmed with strangers of every rank and dress, with the hurried look of escaped fugitives. As I drove to the harbour, my car rang with foreign accents, and my eyes were filled with foreign physiognomies. From time to time the band of a regiment, which had furnished a guard to one of the French blood-royal, mingled its drums and trumpets with the swell of sea and shore; and, as I gazed on the moving multitude from my window, the thunder of the guns from the castle, for the arrival of some ambassador, grandly completed the general mass and power of the uproar.

Three hours carried me to the French shore. Free from all the vulgar vexations of the road, I had the full enjoyment of one of the most pleasant of all enjoyments—moving at one's ease through a new and interesting country. The road to Paris is now like the road to Windsor, to all the higher portions of my countrymen; but then it was much less known even to them than in later days, and the circumstances of the time gave it a totally new character. It was the difference between travelling through a country in a state of peace and in a state of war; between going to visit some superb palace for the purpose of viewing its paintings and curiosities, and hurrying to see what part of its magnificence had escaped an earthquake. The landscape had literally the look of war; troops were seen encamped in the neighbourhood of the principal towns; the national guards were exercising in the fields; mimic processions of children were beating drums and displaying banners in the streets, and the popular songs were all for the conquest of every thing beneath the moon.

But I was to have a higher spectacle. And I shall never forget the mixture of wonder and awe which I felt at the first distant sight of the capital.

It was at the close of a long day's journey, while the twilight gave a mysterious hue to a scene in itself singular and stately.—Glistening spire on spire; massive piles, which in the deepening haze might be either prisons or palaces; vast ranges of buildings, gloomy or glittering as the partial ray fell on them; with the solemn beauty of the Invalides on one wing, the light and lovely elegance of the St. Genevieve on the other, and the frowning majesty of Notre-Dame in the midst, filled the plain with a vision such as I had imaged only in an Arabian tale. Yet the moral was even greater than the visible. I felt that I was within reach of the chief seat of all the leading events of the Continent since the birth of monarchy; every step which I might tread among those piles was historical; within that clouded circumference, like the circle of the necromancer, had been raised all the dazzling and all the disturbing spirits of the world. There was the grand display of statesmanship, pomp, ambition, pleasure, and each the most subtle, splendid, daring, and prodigal ever seen among men. And, was it not now to assume even a more powerful influence on the fates of mankind? Was not the falling of the monarchical forest of so many centuries, about to lay the land open to a new, and perhaps a more powerful produce; where the free blasts of nature were to rear new forms, and demand new arts of cultivation? The monarchy was falling—but was not the space, cleared of its ruins, to be filled with some new structure, statelier still? Or, if the government of the Bourbons were to sink for ever from the eyes of men, were there to be no discoveries made in the gulf itself in which it went down; were there to be no treasures found in the recesses thus thrown open to the eye for the first time; no mines in the discovered strata—no fountains of inexhaustible freshness and flow opened by thus piercing into the bowels of the land?

There are moments on which the destiny of a nation, perhaps of an age, turns. I had reached Paris at one of those moments. As my calèche wound its slow way round the base of Montmartre, I perceived, through the deepening twilight, a long train of flame, spreading from the horizon to the gates of the city. Shouts were heard, with now and then the heavy sounds of cannon. This produced a dead stop in my progress. My postilion stoutly protested against venturing his calèche, his horses, and, what he probably regarded much more than either, himself, into the very heart of what he pronounced a counter-revolution. My courier, freighted with despatches, which might have been high treason to the majesty of the mob, and who saw nothing less than suspension from the first lamp-post in their discovery, protested, with about the same number of *sacres*; and my diplomatic beams seemed in a fair way to be shorn.

But this was the actual thing which I had come to see; Paris in its new existence; the capital of the populace; the headquarters of the grand army of insurgency; the living centre of all those flashes of fantasy, fury, and fire, which were already darting out towards every throne of Europe. I determined to have a voice on the occasion, and I exerted it with such vigour, that I roused the inmates of a block-house, a party of the National Guard, who, early as it was, had been as fast asleep as if they had been a *posse* of city watchmen.

They clustered round us, applauded my resolve, to see what was to be seen, as perfectly national, *vraiment Français*; kicked my postilion till he mounted his horse, beat my sulky courier with the flats of their little swords; and would have bastinadoed, or probably hanged him, if I had not interposed; and, finally, hoisting me into the calèche, which they loaded with half a dozen of their number before and behind, commenced our march into Paris. This was evidently not the age of discipline.

It may have been owing to this curious escort that I got in at all; for at the gate I found a strong guard of the regular troops, who drove back a long succession of carriages which had preceded me. But my cortège was so thoroughly in the new fashion, they danced the "*carmagnole*" so boisterously, and sang patriotic rhymes with such strength of lungs, that it was impossible to refuse admission to patriots of such sonority. The popular conjectures, too, which fell to my share, vastly increased my importance. In the course of the five minutes spent in wading through the crowd of the rejected, I bore fifty different characters—I was a state prisoner—a deputy from Marseilles, a part of the kingdom then in particular favour; an ex-general; a captain of banditti, and an ambassador from England or America; in either case, an especially honoured missionary, for England was then pronounced by all the Parisian authorities to be on the verge of a revolution. Though, I believe, Jonathan had the preference, for the double reason, that the love of Jean Français for John Bull is of a rather precarious order, and that the American Revolution was an egg hatched by the warmth of the Gallic bird itself a secondary sort of parentage.

As we advanced through the streets, my noisy "*compagnons de voyage*" dropped off one by one, some to the lowest places of entertainment, and some tired of the jest; and I proceeded to the Place de Vendôme, where was my hotel, at my leisure. The streets were now solitary, to a degree that was almost startling. As I wound my way through long lines of houses, tortuous, narrow, and dark as Erebus, I saw the cause of the singular success which had attended all Parisian insurrections. A chain across one of these dismal streets, an overturned cart, a pile of stones, would convert it at once into an impassable defile. Walls and windows, massive, lofty, and nearly touching each other from above, afforded a perpetual fortification; lanes innumerable, and extending from one depth of darkness and intricacy into another, a network of attack and ambush, obviously gave an extraordinary advantage to the irregular daring of men accustomed to thread those wretched and dismal dens, crowded with one of the fiercest and most capricious populations in the world. Times have strikingly changed since. The "*fortresses*" are but so many strong bars of the great cage, and they are neither too strong nor too many. Paris is now the only city on earth which is defended against itself, garrisoned on its outside, and protected by a perpetual Prætorian band against a national mania of insurrection.

But, on turning into the Boulevards, the scene changed with the rapidity of magic. Before me were raging thousands, the multitude which I had seen advancing to the gates. The houses, as far as the eye could reach, were lighted up with lamps, torches, and every kind of hurried illumination. Banners of all hues were waving from the casements, and borne along by the people; and in the midst of the wild procession were seen at a distance a train of travelling carriages, loaded on the roofs with the basest of the rabble. A mixed crowd of National Guards, covered with dust, and dropping under the fatigue of the road, poissards drunk, dancing, screaming the most horrid blasphemies, and a still wider circle, which seemed to be recruited from all the jails of Paris, surrounded the carriages, which I at length understood to be those of the royal family. They had attempted to escape to the frontier, had been arrested, and were now returning as prisoners. I caught a glimpse, by the torchlight, of the illustrious sufferers, as they passed the spot where I stood. The Queen was pale, but exhibited that stateliness of countenance for which she was memorable to the last; she sat with the dauphiness pressed in her arms. The King looked overcome with exhaustion; the Dauphin gazed at the populace with a child's curiosity.

At the moment when the carriages were passing, an incident occurred terribly characteristic of the time. A man of a noble presence, and with an order of St. Louis on his breast, who had been giving me a hurried and anxious explanation of the scene, excited by sudden feeling, rushed forward through the escort, and laying one hand on the royal carriage, with the other waved his hat, and shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" In another instant I saw him stagger; a pike was darted into his bosom, and he fell dead under the wheel. Before the confusion of this frightful catastrophe had subsided, a casement was opened immediately above my head, and a woman, superbly dressed, rushed out on the balcony, waving a white scarf, and crying, "*Vive Marie Antoinette!*" The muskets of the escort were turned upon her, and a volley was fired at the balcony. She started back at the shock, and a long gush of blood down her white robe showed that she had been wounded. But she again waved the scarf, and again uttered the loyal cry. Successive shots were fired at her by the monsters beneath; but she still stood. At length she received the mortal blow; she tottered and fell; yet, still clinging to the front of the balcony, she waved the scarf, and constantly attempted to pronounce the words of her generous and devoted heart, until she expired. I saw this scene with an emotion beyond my power to describe; all the enthusiasm of popular change was chilled within me; my boyish imaginations of republicanism were extinguished by this plunge into innocent blood; and I never felt more relieved than when the whole fearful procession at length moved on, and I was left to make my way once more, through dim and silent streets, to my dwelling.

I pass by a considerable portion of the time which followed. The Revolution was like the tiger, it advanced couching; though, when it sprang, its bound was sudden and irresistible. My time was occupied in my official functions, which became constantly more important, and of which I received flattering opinions from Downing Street. I mingled extensively in general society, and it was never more animated, or more characteristic, than at that period in Paris. The leaders of faction and the leaders of fashion, classes so different in every other part of the world, were there often the same. The woman who dazzled the ball-room, was frequently the *confidante* of the deepest designs of party. The coterie in a *salon*, covered with gilding, and filled with *chefs d'œuvre* of the arts, was often as subtle as a conspiracy in the cells of the Jacobins; and the dance or the masquerade only the preliminary to an outbreak which shattered a ministry into fragments. All the remarkable men of France passed before me, and I acknowledge that I was frequently delighted and surprised by their extraordinary attainments. The age of the *Encyclopédie* was in its wane, but some of its brilliant names still illustrated the Parisian *salons*. I recognised the style of Buffon and Rousseau in a crowd of their successors; and the most important knowledge was frequently communicated in language the most eloquent and captivating. Even the mixture of society which had been created by the Revolution, gave an original force and freshness to these assemblies, in-

initely more attractive than the most elaborate polish of the old *régime*. Brissot, the common printer, but a man of singular strength of thought, there figured by Condorcet, the noble and the man of science. St. Etienne, the little bustling partizan, yet the man of talent, mingled with the chief advocates of the Parisian courts; or Servan fenced with his subtle knowledge of the world against Vergniaud, the romantic Girondist, but the most Ciceronian of orators: Talleyrand, already known as the most sarcastic of men, and Maury, by far the most powerful debater of France since Mirabeau—figured among the chief ornaments of the *salons* of De Staël. Roland, and the showy and witty Theresa Cabarrus, and even the flutter of La Fayette, the most tinsel of heroes, and the sullen sententiousness of Robespierre, then known only as a provincial deputy, furnished a background which increased the prominence of the grouping.

But the greatest wonder of France still escaped the general eye. At a ball at the Hotel de Staël, I remember to have been struck with the energetic denunciation of some rabble insult to the Royal family, by an officer whom nobody knew. As a circle were standing in conversation on the topic of the day, the little officer started from his seat, pushed into the group, and expressed his utter contempt for the supineness of the Government on those occasions, so strongly, as to turn all eyes upon him. "Where were the troops, where the guns?" he exclaimed. "If such things are suffered, all is over with royalty; a squadron of horse, and a couple of six-pounders, would have swept away the whole swarm of scoundrels like so many flies." Having thus discharged his soul, he started back again, flung himself into a chair, and did not utter another word through the evening. I little dreamed that in that meagre frame, and long, thin physiognomy, I saw Napoleon.

I must hasten to other things. Yet I still cast many a lingering glance over these times. The vividness of the collision was incomparable. The wit, the eccentricity, the anecdote, the eloquence of those assemblages, were of a character wholly their own. They had, too, a substantial nutriment, the want of which had made the conversation of the preceding age rapid, with all its elegance.—Public events of the most powerful order fed the flame. It was the creation of a vast national excitement; the rush of sparks from the great electrical machine, turned by the hands of thirty millions. The flashes were still but matters of sport and surprise. The time was nigh when those flashes were to be fatal, and that gay lustre was to do the work of conflagration.

I had now been a year in Paris, without returning, or wishing to return, to London. A letter now and then informed me of the state of those who still drew my feelings towards England. But I was in the centre of all that awoke, agitated, or alarmed Europe; and, compared with the glow and rapidity of events in France, the rest of Europe appeared asleep, or to open its eyes solely when some new explosion shook it from its slumber.

My position, too, was a matchless school for the learner in diplomacy. France was the stage to which every eye in Europe was turned, whether for comedy or tragedy; and I was behind the scenes. But the change was at hand.

One night I found an individual, of a very marked appearance, waiting for me at my hotel. His countenance was evidently Jewish, and he introduced himself as one of the secret police of the ministry. The man handed me a letter—it was from Mordecai, and directed to be given with the utmost secrecy. It was in his usual succinct and rapid style.

"I write this in the midst of a tumult of business. My friend Mendoza will give you such knowledge and assistance as may be necessary. France is on the point of an explosion. Every thing is prepared. It is impossible that it can be delayed above a week or two, and the only origin of the delay is in the determination to make the overthrow final. Acquaint your English officials with this. The monarchy of the Bourbons has signed its death-warrant. By suffering a legislature to be formed by the votes of the mere multitude, it has put property within the power of all beggars; rank has been left at the mercy of the rabble; and the church has been sacrificed to please a faction. Thus the true pillars of society have been cut away; and the throne is left in the air. Mendoza will tell you more. The train is already laid. A letter from a confidential agent tells us that the day is fixed. At all events, avoid the mine. There is no pleasure in being blown up, even in company with kings."

A postscript briefly told me—that his daughter sent her recollections; that Clotilde was still indisposed; La Fontaine giddier than ever; and, as the proof of his own confidence in his views, that he had just sold out 100,000 three per cent consols.

My first visit next morning was to the British embassy. But the ambassador was absent in the country, and the functionary who had been left in charge was taking lessons on the guitar, and extremely unwilling to be disturbed, by matters comparatively so trifling as the fate of dynasties. I explained, but explained in vain. The hour was at hand when his horses were to be at the door for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. I recommended a ride after the ambassador. It was impossible. He was to be the escort of a duchess; then to go to a dinner at the Russian embassy, and was under engagement to three balls in the course of the evening. Nothing could be clearer than that such duties must supersede the slight concerns of office. I left him under the hands of his valet, curling his ringlets, and preparing him to be the admiration of mankind.

I saw Mendoza secretly again; received from him additional intelligence; and, as I was not inclined to make a second experiment on the "elegant extract" of diplomacy, and escort of duchesses, I went, as soon as the nightfall concealed my visit, to the hotel of the Foreign Minister. This was my first interview with the celebrated Dumourier.

He received me with the courtesy of a man accustomed to high life; and I entered on the purport of my visit at once. He was perfectly astonished at my tidings. He had known that strong resolutions had been adopted by the party opposed to the Cabinet; but was startled by the distinct avowal of its intention to overthrow the monarchy. I was struck with his appearance, his quickness of conception, and that mixture of sportiveness and depth, which I had found characteristic of the higher orders of French society. He was short in stature, but proportioned for activity; his countenance bold, but with smiling lips and a most penetrating grey eye. His name as a soldier was at this period wholly unknown, but I could imagine in him a leader equally subtle and daring;—he soon realized my conjecture.

We sat together until midnight; and over the supper-table, and cheered by all the good things which French taste provides and enjoys more than any other on earth, he gave full flow to his spirit of communication. The Frenchmen's sentences are like sabre cuts—they have succession, but no connexion.

"I shall always converse with you, M. Marston," said he, "with ease; for you are of the noblesse of your own great country, and I am tired of *roturiers* already.—The government has committed dangerous faults. The king is an excellent man, but his heart is where his head ought to be, and his head where his heart.—His flight was a terrible affair, but it was a blunder on both sides; he ought never to have gone, or the government ought never to have brought him back.—However, I have no cause to complain of his epitaph. The blunder dissolved that government. I have to thank it for bringing me and my collea-

gues into power. Our business now is to preserve the monarchy, but this becomes more difficult from day to day."

I adverted to the personal character of the royal family.

"Nothing can be better. But chance has placed them in a false position.—If the king were but the first prince of the blood, his benevolence without his responsibility would make him the most popular man in France.—If the queen were still but the dauphiness, she would be, as she was then, all but worshipped. As the leader of fashion in France, she would be the leader of taste in Europe.—Elegant, animated, and high-minded, she would have charmed every one, without power. If she could but continue to move along the ground, all would admire the grace of her steps; but, sitting on a throne, she loses the spell of motion."

"Yet, can France ever forget her old allegiance, and adopt the fierce follies of a republic?"

"I think not. And yet we are dealing with agencies of which we know nothing but the tremendous force. We are breathing a new atmosphere, which may at first excite only to kill.—We have let out the waters of a new river-head, which continues pouring from hour to hour, with a fullness sufficient to terrify us already, and threatening to swell over the ancient landmarks of the soil.—It is even now a torrent—what can prevent it from being a lake? what hand of man can prevent that lake from being an ocean? or what power of human council can say to that ocean in its rage—'Thus far shalt thou go!'"

"But the great institutions of France, will they not form a barrier? Is not their ancient firmness proof against the loose and desultory assaults of a populace like that of Paris?"

"I shall answer by an image which occurred to me on my late tour of inspection to the ports in the west. At Cherbourg, millions of francs have been spent in attempting to make a harbour. When I was there one stormy day, the ocean rose, and the first thing swept away was the great *caisson* which formed the principal defence against the tide,—its wrecks were carried up the harbour, heaped against the piers, which they swept away; hurled against the fortifications, which they broke down; and finally working ten times more damage than if the affair had been left to the surges alone. The thought struck me at the moment, that this *caisson* was the emblem of a government assailed by an irresistible force. The firmer the foundation, and the loftier the superstructure, the surer it was to be ultimately carried away, and to carry away with it all that the mere popular outburst would have spared.—The massiveness of the obstacle increased the spread of the ruin. Few Asiatic kingdoms would be overthrown with less effort, and perish with less public injury, than the monarchy of the Bourbons, if it is to fail. Yet, your monarchy is firmer. It is less a vast building than a mighty tree, not fixed on foundations which can never widen, but growing from roots which continually extend. But, if that tree perish, it will not be thrown down, but torn up; it will not leave a space clear to receive a new work of man, but a pit, which no successor can fill for a thousand years."

"But the insurrection; I fear the attack on the palace."

"It will not take place. Your information shall be forwarded to the court; where, however, I doubt whether it will be received with much credence. The Austrian declaration of war has put the flatterers of royalty into such spirits, that if the tocsin were sounding at this instant, they would not believe in the danger. We have been unfortunately forced to send the chief part of the garrison of Paris towards the frontier. But we have three battalions of the Swiss guard within call at Courbevoie, and they can be ready on the first emergency. Rely upon it, all will go well."

With this assurance I was forced to be content; but I relied much more upon Mordecai and his Jewish intelligence. A despatch to London gave a minute of this conversation before I laid my head on my pillow; and I flung myself down, not without a glance at the tall roofs of the Tuileries, and a reflection on how much the man *caes*, whose forehead has no wrinkle from the diadem.

Within twenty-four hours of this interview the ministry was dissolved! Dumourier was gone post-haste to the command of one of the armies on the frontier, merely to save his life from the mob; and I went to bed, in the Place Vendôme, by the light of Lafayette burned in effigy in the centre of the square. So much for popularity.

At dusk, on the memorable ninth of August, as I was sitting in a café of the Palais Royale, listening to the mountain songs of a party of Swiss minstrels in front of the door, Mendoza, passing through the crowd, made me a signal; I immediately followed him to an obscure corner of one of the galleries.

"The insurrection is fixed for to-night," was the startling announcement. "At twelve by the clock of Notre-Dame, all the sections will be under arms. The Jacobin club, the club of the Cordeliers, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, are the alarm posts. The Marseillais are posted at the Cordeliers, and are to head the attack. Danton is already among them, and has published his address."

He gave me the placard. It was brief and bold.

"Citizens—The country is betrayed. France is in the hands of her enemies. The Austrians are advancing. Our troops are retreating, and Paris must be defended by her brave sons alone. But we have traitors in the camp. Our legislators are their accomplices: Lafayette, the slave of kings, has been suffered to escape; but the nation must be avenged. The perfidious Louis is about to follow his example and fly, after having devoted the capital to conflagration. Delay a moment, and you will have to fight by the flame of your houses, and to bleed over the ashes of your wives and children. March, and victory is yours. To arms! To arms!! To arms!!!"

"Does Danton lead the insurrection?"

"No—for two reasons: he is an incendiary but no soldier; and they cannot trust him in case of success. A secret meeting of the heads of the party was held two days since, to decide on a leader of the sections. It was difficult, and had nearly been finished by the dagger. Billaud de Varennes, Vauquelin, St. Angely, and Danton, were successively proposed. Robespierre objected to them all. At length an old German refugee, a beggar, but a soldier, was fixed on; and Westerman is to take the command. By one o'clock the tocsin is to be rung, and the insurgents are instantly to move from all points on the Tuileries."

"What is the object?"

"The seizure, or death, of the King and Royal Family!"

"And the result of that object?"

"The proclamation of a Republic!"

"Is this known at the palace?"

"Not a syllable. All there are in perfect security; to communicate intelligence there is not in my department."

As I looked at the keen eye and dark physiognomy of my informant, there was an expression of surprise in mine at this extraordinary coolness, which saved me the trouble of asking the question.

"You doubt me," said he, "you feel distrust of information unpaid and vo-

luntary. But I have been ordered by Mordecai, the chief of our tribe in England, to watch over you; and this information is a part of my obedience to the command." He suddenly darted away.

Notwithstanding the steadiness of his assertions I still doubted their probability, and, to examine the point for myself, I strayed towards the palace. All there was tranquil; a few lights were scattered through the galleries, but every sound of life, much less of watchfulness and preparation, was still. The only human beings in sight were some dismounted cavalry, and a battalion of the national guard, lounging about the square. As I found it impossible to think of rest until the truth or falsehood of my information was settled, I next wandered along the Boulevard, in the direction of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the focus of all the tumults of Paris; but all along this fine avenue was hushed as if a general slumber had fallen over the city. The night was calm, and the air was a delicious substitute for the hot and reeking atmosphere of this populous quarter in the day. I saw no gathering of the populace; no hurrying torches. I heard no clash of arms, nor tramp of marching men; all lay beneath the young moon, which, near her setting, touched the whole scene with a look of soft and almost melancholy quietude. The character of my Israelite friend began to fall rapidly in the scale, and I had made up my mind that insurrection had gone to its slumbers for that night; when, as I was returning by the *Place de Bastille*, and was passing under the shadow of one of the huge old houses that then surrounded that scene of hereditary terror, two men, who had been loitering beside the parapet of the fosse, suddenly started forward and planted themselves in my way. I flung one of them aside, but the other grasped my arm, and, drawing a dagger, told me that my life was at his mercy. His companion giving a signal, a group of fierce-looking fellows started from their lurking-places; and of course further resistance was out of the question. I was ordered to follow them, and regarding myself as having nothing to fear yet uneasy at the idea of compulsion, I remonstrated, but in vain; and was finally led through a labyrinth of horrid alleys, to what I now found to be the head-quarters of the insurrection. It was an immense building, which had probably been a manufactory, but was now filled with the leaders of the mob. The few torches which were its only light, and which scarcely showed the roof and extremity of the building, were, however, enough to show heaps of weapons of every kind—muskets, sabres, pikes, and even pitchforks and scythes, thrown on the floor. On one side, raised on a sort of desk, was a ruffianly figure flinging placards to the crowd below, and often adding some savage comment on their meaning, which produced a general laugh. Flags inscribed with "Liberty—Bread or Blood—Down with the Tyrant"—and that comprehensive and peculiarly favourite motto of the mob—"May the last of the kings be strangled with the entrails of the last of the priests," were hung from the walls in all quarters; and in the centre of the floor were ranged three pieces of artillery surrounded by their gunners. I now fully acknowledged the exactness of Mendoza's information; and began to feel considerable uncertainty about my own fate in the midst of a horde of armed ruffians, who came pouring in more thickly every moment, and seemed continually more ferocious. At length I was ordered to go forward to a sort of platform at the head of the hall, where some candles were still burning, and the remnants of a supper gave signs that there had been gathered the chief persons of this tremendous assemblage. A brief interrogatory from one of them armed to the teeth, and with a red cap so low down on his bushy brows as almost wholly to disguise his physiognomy, enquired my name, my business in Paris, and especially what I had to allege against my being shot as a spy in the pay of the Tuileries. My answers were drowned in the roar of the multitude. Still, I protested firmly against this summary trial, and at length threatened them with the vengeance of my country. This might be heroic, but it was injudicious. Patriotism is a fiery affair, and a circle of pistols and daggers ready prepared for action, and roused by the word to execute popular justice on me, waited but the signal from the platform. Their leader rose with some solemnity, and taking off his cap, to give the ceremonial a more authentic aspect, declared me to have forfeited the right to live, by acting the part of an *espion*, and ordered me to be shot in "front of the leading battalion of the army of vengeance." The decree was so unexpected, that for the instant I felt absolutely paralyzed. The sight left my eyes, my ears tingled with strange sounds, and I almost felt as if I had received the shots of the ruffians, who now, uncontrollable in their first triumph, were firing their pistols in all directions in the air. But at the moment, so formidable to my future career, I heard the sound of the clock of Notre Dame. I felt a sudden return of my powers and recollections, but the hands of my assassins were already upon me. The sound of the general signal for their march produced a rush of the crowd towards the gate, I took advantage of the confusion, struck down one of my captors, shook off the other, and plunged into the living torrent that was now pouring and struggling before me.

But even when I reached the open air—and never did I feel its freshness with a stronger sense of revival—I was still in the midst of the multitude, and any attempt to make my way alone would have obviously been death. Thus was I carried on along the Boulevard, in the heart of a column of a hundred thousand maniacs, trampled, driven, bruised by the rabble, and deafened with shouts, yells, and cries of vengeance, until my frame was a fever, and my brain scarcely less than a frenzy.

That terrible morning gave the deathblow to the mighty monarchy of the Bourbons. The throne was so shaken by the popular arm, that, though it preserved a semblance of its original shape, a breath was sufficient to cast it to the ground. I have no heart for the recital. Even now I can scarcely think of that tremendous pageant of popular fantasy, fury, and the very passion of crime; or bring to my mind's eye that column, which seemed then to be boundless and endless, with the glare of its torches, the rattle of its drums, the grinding of its cannon-wheels, as we rushed along the causeway, from time to time stopping to fire, as a summons to the other districts, and as a note of exultation; or the perpetual, sullen, and deep roar of the populace—without a thrilling sense of perplexity and pain.

Long before daybreak we had swept all minor resistance before us, plundered the arsenal of its arms, and taken possession of the Hotel de Ville. The few troops who had kept guard at the different posts on our way, had been captured without an effort, or joined the insurgents. But intelligence now came that the palace was roused at last, that troops were ordered from the country for its defence, and that the noblesse remaining in the capital were crowding to the Tuileries. I stood beside Danton when those tidings were brought to him. He flung up his cap in the air, with a burst of laughter. "So much the better!" he exclaimed; "the closer the preserve, the thicker the game." I had now a complete view of this hero of democracy. His figure was herculean; his countenance, which possibly, in his younger days, had been handsome, was now marked with the lines of every passion and profligacy, but it was still commanding. His costume was one which he had chosen for himself, and which was worn by his peculiar troop; a short brown mantle, an under-robe with the arms naked to the shoulder, a broad leathern belt loaded with pistols, a huge sabre in hand, rusted from hilt to point, which he declared to have been stained with the

blood of aristocrats, and the republican red cap, which he frequently waved in the air, or lifted on the point of his sabre as a standard. Yet, in the midst of all this savage disorder of costume, I observed every hair of his enormous whiskers to be curled with the care of a Parisian *merveilleux*. It was the most curious specimen of the ruling passion that I remember to have seen.

At the Hotel de Ville, Danton entered the hall with several of the insurgents; and the crowd, unwilling to waste time, began to fire at the little statues and insignia of the French kings, which ornamented this old building. When this amusement palled—the French are easily *ennuied*—they formed circles, and danced the Carmagnole. Rum and brandy, largely introduced among them, gave them animation after their night's watching, and they were fit for any atrocity. But the beating of drums, and a rush to the balconies of the Hotel de Ville, told us that something was at hand; and, in the midst of a group of municipal officers, Petion, the mayor of Paris, arrived. No man in France wore a milder visage, or hid a blacker heart under it. He was received with shouts, and after a show of resistance, just sufficient to confirm his character for hypocrisy, suffered himself to be led to the front of the grand balcony, bowing as the man of the people. Another followed, a prodigious patriot, who had been placed at the head of the National Guard for his popular sycophancy, but who, on being called on by the mob to swear "death to the King," and hesitating, felt the penalty of being unprepared to go all lengths on the spot. I saw his throat cut, and his body flung from the balcony. A cannon-shot gave the signal for the march, and we advanced to the grand prize of the day. I can describe but little more of the assault on the Tuileries, than that it was a scene of desperate confusion on both sides. The front of the palace continually covered with the smoke of fire arms of all kinds, from all the casements; and the front of the mob a similar cloud of smoke, under which men fired, fled, fell, got drunk, and danced. Nothing could be more ferocious, or more feeble. Some of the Sections utterly ran away on the first fire; but, as they were unpurged, they returned by degrees, and joined the fray. It may be presumed that I made many an effort to escape; but I was in the midst of a battalion of the Faubourg St. Antoine. I had already dropped several muskets in succession, which had been thrust into my hands by the zeal of my begrimed comrades; and a sabre-cut, which I had received from one of our mounted ruffians as he saw me stepping to the rear, warned me that my time was not yet come to get rid of the scene of revolt and bloodshed.

At length the struggle drew to a close. A rumour spread that the King had left the palace, and gone to the Assembly. The cry was now on all sides—"Advance, the day is our own!" The whole multitude rushed forward, clashing their pikes and muskets, and firing their cannon, which were worked by deserters from the royal troops; the Marseillais, a band of the most desperate-looking ruffians that eye was ever set upon, chiefly galley-slaves and the profligate banditti of a sea-port, led the column of assault; and the sudden and extraordinary cessation of fire from the palace windows, seemed to promise a sure conquest. But, as the smoke subsided, I saw a long line of troops, three deep, drawn up in front of the chief entrance. Their scarlet uniforms showed that they were the Swiss. The gendarmerie, the National Guard, the regular battalions, had abandoned them, and their fate seemed inevitable. But there they stood, firm as iron. Their assailants evidently recoiled; but the discharge of some cannon-shots, which told upon the ranks of these brave and unfortunate men, gave them new courage, and they poured onward. The voice of the Swiss commandant giving the word to fire was heard, and it was followed by a rolling discharge, from flank to flank, of the whole battalion. It was my first experience of the effect of fire; and I was astonished at its precision, rapidity, and deadly power. In an instant, almost the whole troop of Marseillais, in our front, were stretched upon the ground, and every third man in the first line of the Sections was killed or wounded. Before the shock could be recovered, we heard the word "fire" again from the Swiss officer, and a second shower of bullets burst upon our ranks. The Sections turned and fled in all directions, some by the Pont Neuf, some by the Place Carrousel. The rout was complete; the terror, the confusion, and the yelling of the wounded were horrible. The havoc was increased by a party of the defenders of the palace, who descended into the court and fell with desperation on the fugitives. I felt that now was my time to escape, and darted behind one of the buttresses of a royal *porte cochere*, to let the crowd pass me. The skirmishing continued at intervals, and an officer in the uniform of the Royal Guard was struck down close to my feet. As he rolled over, I recognised his features. He was my young friend Lafontaine! With an inconceivable shudder I looked on his pale countenance, and with the thought of the misery which the tidings would bring to fond ears in England. But as I drew the body within the shelter of the gate, I found that he still breathed; he opened his eyes, and I had the happiness, after waiting in suspense till the dusk covered our movements, of conveying him to my hotel.

Of the remaining events of this most calamitous day, I know but what all the world knows. It broke down the monarchy. It was the last struggle in which a possibility existed of saving the throne. The gentles of the Bourbons was within sight of the scaffold. He had now only to retrieve his character for personal virtue by laying his head patiently under the blade of the guillotine. His royal character was gone beyond hope, and all henceforth was to be the trial of the legislature and the nation. Even that trial was to be immediate, comprehensive, and condign. No people in the history of rebellion ever suffered, so keenly or so rapidly, the vengeance which belongs to national crimes. The saturnalia was followed by massacre. A new and darker spirit of ferocity displayed itself, in a darker and more degraded form, from hour to hour, until the democracy was extinguished. Like the Scripture miracle of the demoniac—the spirits which had once exhibited the shape of man, were transmitted into the shape of the brute; and even the swine ran down by instinct, and perished in the waters.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

During the run of the "Coronation," Elliston's royal spectacle, as he proudly termed it, at Drury-lane Theatre, the success was so unprecedented that the great lessee determined on stopping all orders, and totally suspending the free list, "the public press only excepted," therefore when any professional or other person, whom he could not decently refuse, applied to him for an order, or requested to be passed, the manager used with much solemnity to assure the applicant that the thing was totally impossible; that the success was so enormous, he should refuse his own father were he alive.

"But," observed he, with much seriousness, "I will tell you what I'll do: though I cannot possibly give you an order or pass you, I will with great pleasure pay the money for your admission out of my own pocket. Have the goodness to walk this way."

He would then very gravely accompany the applicant to the money-taker's box, where drawing seven shillings from his right-hand breeches pocket he

would lay it down on the pay-place, receive a check, give it with much politeness to the attending party, and the moment his friend's back was fairly turned, and he had ascended the stairs for the purpose of delivering it to the check-taker, would, with a comical wink, very methodically sweep off the money he had laid down, and deposit it with much formality in his left-hand breeches-pocket, departing with observing.

"No, no, nobody must be admitted now without paying."

But the success increasing, and finding that he in reality gained nothing but the look of the thing by this proceeding, he one evening, when under what old Delphini used to say, was de-vine inspiration, on returning to Stratford-place, called for the folio volume in which the various births of the house of Elliston were duly registered, and in the presence of the heads of his family took his corporal oath, that not another person should be admitted gratis to see the "Coronation" for the remainder of the season, the public press, as before observed, only excepted.

Now it so happened, unfortunately for our manager, that the very first night after this praiseworthy resolution had been taken and attested, a certain Mr. Ebenezer Ironsides, an eminent hardware manufacturer in the working town of Birmingham, who had been our hero's stanch friend and main supporter during his leaseholdship of the theatre of that populous place, had come to London on some private business, which having executed to his entire satisfaction, he determined on giving himself a treat by visiting his friend Elliston and a London theatre at one and the same time.

Applying at the box-door for entrance, as a very old and intimate friend of the comedian, he was told for his great astonishment and indignation, he could not pass, that Mr. Elliston had sworn no one should be admitted without paying.

"That may be," replied the sturdy man of metal; "but he'll let me in, for the last time I bailed him out of the custody of Tom Nicks, the sheriff's officer of Bordesley, and lent him the money to pay his men on the Saturday, he swore by all that was good, that as long as he possessed a theatre, no matter where it was, its doors should always be open to me—that is, provided it wasn't a benefit. Is it a benefit to-night?"

"It certainly is not," answered the money-taker.

"Then in I go," said the manufacturer.

"Stop, stop!" cried the money-taker; "I'll send to Mr. Elliston and hear what he says."

"Ay, ay, do," said Mr. Ironsides, gruffly, "you'll soon see. Mr. Elliston is no man of his word, if he slinks back on this occasion."

The manager was accordingly summoned. He was very glad to meet his old friend, Mr. Ironsides, whom he warmly welcomed, but looked very blank when he learned the purpose of his visit.

"I am very sorry, my dear Ironsides," replied he, ruefully, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to pass you, gratis, into my theatre this evening, but the fact is, I have sworn nobody shall be admitted to see the 'Coronation,' without paying."

"Yes, but you recollect," replied Mr. Ironsides, doggedly, "that you also swore, I should always pass free, apply when I would; please don't forget that."

"Egad, that is true," replied our comedian, "that's very true—I'll not deny it."

"No, no, I thought not," exultingly cried Mr. Ironsides; "it was when I lent you the money, and went your security to Tim Nicks, the bun-bailey, you know."

"True, true, I remember! It is a most perplexing circumstance, certainly; but what am I to do, I must keep my oath?"

"You ought to do so," growled out Mr. Ironsides.

Elliston pondered.

"I will readily give you the money to pay for yourself," said he.

"That won't do," said Mr. Ironsides, sturdily. "It is not for the value of the money, but you swore I should always go in free, gratis, for nothing, and this is the very first time I have ever asked you, and if you are going to back cut after pledging your word—what do I say—your oath! why—"

"Send for the treasurer," said the perplexed manager.

The treasurer accordingly came. To him the case was submitted; it was a nice point—how was the manager to keep his oath in both instances? It was a case that might have puzzled the subtlety of all the most celebrated casuists of the caliphate.

The treasurer, at length suggested, that though Mr. Ironsides would not pay for himself on being supplied with the money, Elliston should pay for him as he had formerly done for his other friends. But to this arrangement Mr. Ironsides also most obstinately refused to consent. In this dilemma, the acting manager, who here joined the party, proposed, that as Elliston had made an exception in favour of the public press, Mr. Ironsides should be considered one of the press for that night only, and admitted as the *Post*, the *Herald*, or the *Morning Advertiser*.

To this, however, Mr. Ironsides was more opposed than to the two preceding suggestions.

"He'd be no *Post*," he said, "the public press were all a set of poor devils, he could buy them all out. *Morning Advertiser*, and all."

Elliston also had his scruples as well as Mr. Ironsides to this proposal and that idea was abandoned.

A suggestion by the money-taker to admit Mr. Ironsides with one of the performer's bones was equally unfortunate, that gentleman stubbornly declaring that he would go in with his own bones and nobody's else.

"You swore I should always be admitted for nothing, Mr. Manager," said he, "Tim Nicks heard you, it's not for the value of the money, as I said before, but I like a man to keep his word—I like a man to be a man."

"I have it," said Elliston, "I have got it," his eye brightening up, and striking his forehead as if suddenly inspired. "It's all right, I swore no one should go in during the present season—now, to-morrow is Saturday, I'll close my present season to-morrow night, and commence a new one on Monday morning, so you have only to wait till Monday, my dear fellow, and you can go in with pleasure—I shall keep my oath both ways then."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Ironsides, with most provoking pertinacity, "but it won't do; I must go in to-night—I'm going back to Birmingham to-morrow—and I wouldn't wait in London till Monday, no, not to see fifty plays, and be paid for going into the bargain."

Here was a screw loose again. At length the stage-manager came to the rescue. He suggested that since going in at the front without paying seemed to be totally out of the question, they should take Mr. Ironsides in at the back, and pass him through the stage-door.

"No, no, no back for me," said Mr. Ironsides. "I'm a plain, straightforward man—I go in through the front, or not at all. I'm an Englishman—so make up your mind, keep your word or forfeit it—it's all upright and downright with

me. If you want to keep Ebenezer Ironsides your friend, you'll act like a man, that's all—so say the word."

The whole party were in despair at the unyielding inflexibility of Mr. Ironsides, when again the genius of Elliston came to his assistance.

"Let the gentleman pass free," said he, triumphantly, "it's all right yet."

"Ah, that's as it should be," said the unbending Ebenezer, "give us your fist, man—that's like yourself, and hang me, if Ebenezer Ironsides isn't as much your friend now as ever he was," giving the manager a hearty shake of the hand. "We will take a bottle on the strength on it, after the performance is over, if you will only come down to the Belle Sauvage, and you may have as many goods sent you in my lue as you choose."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear friend, it's all right," said Elliston. "Let that gentleman pass, Tyson."

Mr. Ironsides vaulted up stairs to the boxes. The acting and stage-managers stood aghast.

"Why, then, have you broken your oath after all?" said the former, with conscientious horror.

"Not a bit of it," said Elliston, coolly. "I swore my Brummagem friend there should go in without paying, and I have kept my oath."

"Well, but didn't you swear, too, that no one should see the 'Coronation' this season, without paying?"

"Certainly, I did—and I'll keep my oath there too—no one shall see it, without paying to-night, for I won't play it. Let somebody get ready to go on with an apology—you can substitute the 'Spectre Bridegroom' instead of it—say I have been taken seriously ill—a sudden indisposition—and I'll go and enjoy myself over a bottle of Madeira and a broiled bone, with Ockey Clarke at the Bath Hotel. Stiff, the waiter, does a devil to a turn."

The "Coronation" was accordingly put off, to Mr. Ironsides' great consternation, who heard the announcement of his friend Elliston's sudden illness with much concern.

The first thing he did on quitting the theatre was to inquire his friend's "whereabout," for the purpose of tendering his services, and expressing his condolence. It was with some difficulty he found Elliston was at the Bath hotel.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "removed to the nearest coffee-house."

Thither he immediately repaired and sent in his name, expecting to find the manager in bed with the usual accompaniments of nurse, draughts, pill boxes, and water-gruel. His astonishment was extreme, but not unmingled with pleasure at finding his friend in perfect health, in great glee, enjoying himself with his old crony, little Ockey, over the good things of the Bath hotel.

A few words explained every thing. Nothing loath, Ebenezer joined the jovial pair, and with many a hearty laugh they had a jolly night of it.

Thus was this very difficult case of conscience finally disposed of.

A somewhat analogous case to this scene occurred with the immortal Edmund Kean, at the period when he was lessee of the Richmond Theatre, and resided in the dwelling-house which immediately adjoins it, though there is no internal communication. The occupants of the dwelling-house being obliged to leave it and issue out on the green, if they wish to enter the theatre.

It happened one afternoon when the great tragedian was advertised to perform his favourite character of *Othello*—a personation that perhaps has never been equaled in histrionic annals—he received a visit from his body-surgeon, who had called on him with the kind intention of looking after his health. Being at that time perfectly well, the tragedian took upon himself to exchange characters with his medical friend, and prescribed some draughts for him, "to be taken immediately," which proved so agreeable, that the dose was very soon ordered "to be repeated."

The pharmacopoeia of Kean's cellar, which contained some of George IV.'s port royal was not to be declined, and occupied in the pleasing parsing of the glasses, the hour for commencing the performance arrived much sooner than was expected, and Budd, the time honoured housekeeper of the theatre appeared to summon the tragedian to his nightly duty.

A crowded house was anxiously expecting him, the orchestra had been rung in three or four times, and had scraped through the antiquated overtures of old Rhomberg, till at last the spectators began to be impatient, and were calling for the tragedian in no very gentle terms.

In the hurry of the moment, the illustrious Edmund consigned them to the eternal Tophet, and swore that he would not leave the house, and go out to perform that evening to please any one. If they could get him on the stage, without his having to go out of the house, he'd play, but not otherwise—if they couldn't, the audience must be content with the performance of his friend the surgeon, who would, as usual give a medical certificate of his, Kean's indisposition. This the surgeon readily agreed to do.

How was this determination to be got over?

Poor Budd was in the greatest perplexity, the honest housekeeper began to fear for the safety of the structure intrusted to his care. At length the very exigency of the emergency inspired him with an idea.

"Agreed, sir," said he. "Dress for your part—here are your things—tunic, trunks, burnt cork, and pomatum, all ready, and I promise you, you shall not have to go out into the air, but shall perform without."

"I agree to that, friend Budd," said Kean, triumphantly, seeing no way by which it was to be accomplished; "but you'll find your hopes nipped in the bud here, depend on it."

"We shall see, sir," said the housekeeper, "only dress and follow me, and you shall very soon find yourself on the stage, without the trouble of treading the green."

Kean began to black his face, and Budd retired to put his project into execution.

Fortunately for the audience of the Richmond Theatre of that evening, it happened that the coal-cellar of the dwelling-house was only divided from the pit of the theatre by the party-wall that ran through the two structures. The pitites were very soon astounded by a most mysterious knocking in this direction, rivalling that of the far-famed Cock-lane ghost.

Thump—thump—thump—proceeded in quick succession from some invisible *Hittes*, and in a very few moments part of the wall began to give way—bricks and mortar tumbled about in all directions, affording serious apprehension that the whole house was giving way—a cloud of dust arose—a large aperture appeared—and from the dark recesses of the coal-cellar emerged the triumphant Budd, with the noble Moor, the sooty hero of the night, who thus kept his oath, and yet did not disappoint the audience.

The aperture which forms the communication between the dwelling-house and the theatre, through the medium of the coal-cellar, is still in existence, or at least was so very lately.

Efforts are making to fish up the remains of the Missouri, at Gibraltar.

MADemoiselle LENORMAND.

What is it that drives us on with such mysterious eagerness to seek every opportunity of searching into the dim recesses of the veiled future? None can tell whence first arises the desire; but all have felt it at some period of their lives—the prosperous and happy, the bereaved and desolate; and although it has been considered as a proof of weakness and superstition, yet there are numerous instances on record wherein the most powerful and vigorous minds have been led captive by this weak and vain curiosity, laying their pride of intellect prostrate at the feet of those whom they would otherwise disdain, consenting to become the dupes of the most gross and ignorant quackery, beguiled into listening with complacency to the visions of splendour, if aided by one single circumstance which may insure the possibility of this occurrence; never calling to mind the numberless examples wherein such prophecies have proved fallacious, but the one or two single instances wherein such greatness has been achieved, and where invariably the talents or *esprit de conduite* subsequently displayed by the individual have justified without supernatural agency his or her promotion to greatness.

Every one has heard the story of Napoleon, when a sub-lieutenant at Valence, having given, by a sudden *élan* of gratitude, the enormous sum of a *petit écu*, being three days' pay, to a beggar who foretold that he would live to wear the crown of France; and when his companions rallied him upon his belief, and upon such undue generosity, which would send him supperless to bed, he testily replied,

"Why should I not believe? Am I not better than a swineherd? And Sixtequint rose to be pope at last!"

Madame Scarron walking with Madame de Montespan one day in the gardens of Versailles, stooped with kindly courtesy to pick up a brick which had fallen from the overcharged hod of a labourer who was toiling with his load up the countless steps of the Orangerie. When arrived at the summit, the man turned to thank the fair lady for the service, and looking in her face with the warmth of gratitude for such unlooked for kindness on the part of any of the ladies about the court, exclaimed, "That she would one day be greater than a queen, for she would live to subdue one who had subdued the world!"

Madame Scarron, in the delight of hearing these words of prophecy, tore from her the pocket of gold which she wore—a gift, it is said, of her royal pupil—and thrust it into the bronzed hand of the prophet; whereupon Madame de Montespan bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed ironically,

"Had not your majesty better have deferred the display of such regal generosity until the accomplishment of the golden promise?"

"Look at the gray hairs and deep-sunk wrinkles of the seer," replied the widow, with composure; "the reward, if delayed till then, would arrive too late!"

In both cases the prediction must have fallen like the true coin in the balance of the money changer, ringing with startling echo upon the heart, and giving proof of its sterling value. Each one must have felt what would have been incurring clamorous censure and bitter irony, to have expressed aloud that, although the fulfilment might be difficult, yet it might not be impossible.

The one knew well that he could place reliance on his own bold daring—on his own ambitious spirit; the other placed her trust in what was still less likely to deceive—the weakness and the vanity of others.

It is said that out of the myriad thousands of *esprits forts* in Paris, but few could be named who have not at one epoch or another of their lives sought aid and counsel of Mademoiselle Lenormand. Though quite a girl at the time of the first revolution, yet had she already acquired such celebrity in the art of divination, that many of the poor trembling marquises of the ancient régime flew to consult her upon their place of refuge, ere they dared take wing like frightened birds at the approach of night.

How she herself passed seatless through the awful storm which followed, none can tell; but it is well known that she stirred not, nor betrayed the least uneasiness, even while the slaughter of all that was good and brave was going on around her; for she knew by her skill and science, so she said, that no harm would betide her. She used to say that Robespierre himself had trembled, when upon seeking her in disguise, unknown as he imagined, she had revealed to him her knowledge of his state and station. She would even laugh with malicious glee when telling how very pale his hideous countenance had turned, when at each shuffle which he gave the cards, the "Grand Pendu" would turn up, telling an awful tale of blood and violence. She always declared that it was Fate alone which had decided this singular occurrence, and that he himself had never doubted it, that she could not have been suspected of guiding the cards, as it was his own hand which had turned them.

Some years after this we find her the very oracle of the court of Josephine, honoured by the consultations of the empress, and obtaining what she, with true knowledge of human nature, would quote as greater honour still, that of persecution! forbidden to enter the palace on pain of imprisonment, or to hold communication either directly or indirectly with the empress, on pain of exile and disgrace.

"And yet 'twas useless," would she often observe, "I could not let the poor daughter of the isles; she to whom I had prophesied that she would become a queen and more," rush upon her ruin without advice and solace; and if I could not save, at least could warn. It has made me laugh to hear people talk of her patience and resignation under all the misery that befel her. Why she knew it all before it came—ay, and even more—for she knew what would be the fate of those she loved so well, and whom she left behind."

Under the restoration she was still patronised by the noble dames of the court, who, sick and weary of war and strife, flew to her each time their senses were alarmed by rumours and dreams of new revolutions, which experience had now taught them were not to be disdained.

When the awful days arrived in 1830, her door was again besieged, but she bade the poor stricken herd to be of good cheer, for that no harm should be wrought, and that they might repose in security beneath the shadow of the olive-tree which Louis Philippe had planted. She prided herself to the day of her death upon the latter prophecy; for she declared that upon this occasion the book of fate had been most hard to read, and that the struggle had been great between the good and evil principles, and that it needed but the weight of a feather to turn the balance, and to have plunged once more the whole country in oceans of blood.

Happy were they who, following her advice, remained to guard their own hearthstone; but happier still will they be in 18—, who choose to follow her warning and depart betimes! For the struggle is not yet over, and the day is not far distant when the final shock, more dread and terrible, more dire and more bloody, will rend the land as with a yawning earthquake, leaving wide chasms filled with gore, through which the children of the soil will have to wade ere they can again join in bonds of unity and love.

I heard not long ago a woman of high rank, noted too as a woman of great

wit and strong mind, speak in terms of unfeigned terror concerning this last prediction. She told me in confidence, that as the time drew nigh, her life was embittered by the recollection of all that Mademoiselle Lenormand had warned her she would have to undergo. Too young to have been a witness to all the horrors of the first revolution, she is yet familiar with every event of that great era in all the principal events of which her nearest relative bore a conspicuous part. I cannot describe the cold shudder of dread and horror which passed through her frame as she told me the circumstances in which she is, according to her full and entire belief, to be placed before her death.

I think I see her now, as with pallid cheek and glistening eye, she spoke of the prophesied burning by the mob of the château, where she was to be staying, the massacre of her servants, and her subsequent flight alone at night across the open plain to the sea, disguised in male attire. After which event the sorceress had declined to reveal the sequel of the dark tale, which made her even more stricken and afraid.

"But how can you, with your superior mind and sound judgment, believe in such absurdities," said I, when I had listened to her story.

"I believe it," replied she, solemnly, "because she described to me so well the château from whence I am to fly—'tis the residence of a friend—the one most likely too, to shelter me should there be danger in my own home. She spoke to me likewise of the means of flight, the secret door, and the passage issuing into the grotto in the park; all of which had been shown me but the week before, and of which none ever dreamt, save the owner of the château and myself. I believe, because every thing else which she had predicted has already happened in due order."

Of course there was no replying to reasoning like this.

We of the English world in Paris can all remember the sensation excited a few years ago by the prophecy uttered by Mdile. Lenormand to one of the sweetest and most beloved of all our countrywomen then resident amongst us. The sybil spoke to the lady of her sons, and told her that the boys were all things to her soul, and that without them she could not live.

"Is it not so?" said she, as she gazed earnestly at the proud mother, who answered with a smile, while a tear glistened in her eye, that never "deviner-esse" had divined more rightly.

"Then had I better not name them in the casting of your fate!" said the prophetess.

"Nay, nay," replied the lady, "without them my fortune were but poorly told."

Mademoiselle took with the greatest composure a pinch of snuff from the box which the Queen of Etruria had presented to her, and wiping the stray grains from her collar, proceeded in that low monotonous tone which used so to irritate her listeners, while she unfolded to them the tale of life and death, without suffering herself to be interrupted by their questioning or exclamations—without comment and without a pause—without a smile or frown, until she closed the cards with that peculiar and sudden jerk with which the Spanish ladies close their fans, exclaiming in the same quiet tone,

"Et voilà tout, madame; le jeu est fini!"

After which neither love nor money could extort another word.

In the instance to which we are now referring she had proceeded thus for some time, and had closed the cards with the usual startling sound, but instead of the usual searching for the purse, and the rising to depart, which were in general the consequence of the exclamation, she was surprised to find her hearer fixed and motionless as though still listening on even when silence had begun. She herself then arose, and took the lady gently by the arm, saying, as she pointed to the clock upon the chimney,

"Excuse me, but the moments are of value. There are others waiting for me now whom I may not defer."

The lady still moved not; but at the slight touch upon her shoulder which Mademoiselle Lenormand used to arouse her, sank to the floor senseless and immovable! The friend who had accompanied her to the house, had her conveyed in this state to her carriage. Arrived at her own house, she remained for many days confined to her bed, a raving sufferer, calling without ceasing on the name of her eldest boy, at that time a young cadet in India.

Gradually however her senses returned, but her mind sank into a gloomy melancholy from which there was no arousing her. A letter from the youth himself, which was brought to her some time after this, instead of yielding the consolation which her anxious friends expected, only served to increase her despair. It announced with gladness his removal to a more healthy station, which event had indeed been predicted by Mademoiselle Lenormand, as preceding the one which no human power could avert, and which was to plunge her soul in gloom and misery.

A very short time after this arrived the dreaded missive. The brave youth, who had escaped through perils of toil and warfare, long exposure to a burning climate, and to a peculiarly sickly station, had died in the midst of health and joy, surrounded by his friends, in the broad light of day. He had fallen from his horse, while full of mirth and spirit he was preparing to follow the chase, given purposely to welcome him among his new friends and comrades!

All had been foretold! The grieving mother fled to England to watch over the safety of the second son, a boy at Eton, for whom alas a worse fate than that which had befallen his brother had been predicted. Each day brings with it the terror of the coming ill. She cannot lose sight of the child without being assailed by the most fearful fancies concerning him. Her own health is thus impaired, and the present happiness and future prospects of her son destroyed by the overweening belief in the prognostic of evil, inspired by one fatal chance.

It is now four years ago since I myself was led into the same folly, which I had ever been accustomed to condemn so much in others, and being in a sad dilemma (oh, gentle reader, how you would pity if you knew upon what occasion!) I resolved to waive all responsibility, *vis à vis de moi-même*, and to go and consult Mademoiselle Lenormand. My old friend, Rassineau, had done just so under the like circumstances—he had abided by her decision in the very same matter—he had felt himself satisfied, and why not I? So, without pausing to reflect upon my own absurdity, and with the firm determination which they say all men who were at the trouble to seek her always took beforehand, "not to believe a word of all the old witch uttered," I set forth on my fool's errand.

It was not without taking a little shame to myself that I wended my way slowly across the Pont Neuf to the Rue de Tournon. The walk was, however, well calculated to allay any lurking compunction I might feel at thus following in the wake of all the dupes and idiots I had so often condemned with such scorn. I had that very morning too passed by the tall, arrow-like Cour de Soissons, where the master-spirit of the age, the dark-souled Catherine de Medicis had held for so many years her midnight conference with Galeotis. I could stand and note the balcony over the gate of the Louvre, where the proud, ambitious Evêque de Luçon had stood on the memorable night of the first avowal of

love from the lips of the queen, his sovereign mistress. It was from thence that he had hurled into the Seine, which flowed below, the costly ring of emerald which she had bestowed as first pledge of that same love, first token of her devotion.

"To fortune, my peace offering!" exclaimed the prelate, as the jewel sank beneath the wave, and disappeared for ever from his sight.

"The sacrifice will be accepted," cried with involuntary inspiration the sentinel on guard at the gate beneath, who had witnessed the action.

"Take this, then, for thine augury!" cried the bishop, throwing to the man his purse, heavy with gold, "for I know that it will not prove a vain one!"

Much to the discomfiture of the Duc D'Epemon, who stood beside him, and who declared that the man ought to have been chastised instead of rewarded for his impertinent familiarity.

"Bah!" exclaimed the bishop, laughing, "neither was it to you that he addressed the prophecy!"

And it was fulfilled. Armand Duplessis became, ere long, cardinal, minister, and soon after ruler of the kingdom!

All these reminiscences did in some degree succeed in allaying the wound which the yielding to such weakness had made in my pride, and by the time I had reached my destination my only fear began to be, that of having sacrificed the precious moments in useless meditation, so that after all I might arrive too late for consultation with the sorceress on that day.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a dull, foggy day in February, when I entered the dark courtyard of the house in the Rue de Tournon, where Mademoiselle Lenormand held forth her oracle of mystery. There was something mysterious to begin with in the damp walls, and the loftiness of the buildings which surrounded the court, admitting but a far distant view of the cloudy sky, which reminded one of the ancient astrologers, and of the deep, dark wells of Egypt.

The staircase which led to the apartment occupied by the sybil was but dimly lighted, and the uneven stairs and slimy walls gave ample token of the utter contempt in which the inhabitants of the old mansion were accustomed to view the things of this lower world. Altogether there was a well-managed silence and desolation about the place which must have greatly assisted in maintaining the feeling of awe with which in most cases the dwelling was approached.

My summons at the hollow and long-sounding bell was answered by a mysterious, dark-looking personage, who spoke not a word, but stared his inquiry as to the purport of my visit with most stoical indifference. To my request to be admitted to speak with "madame," the man merely pronounced the word "impossible!" and let the door fall gently to again, until I could scarcely discern more than the sharp outline of his features. Fortunately I took the hint, and finding there was still sufficient room for me to slide my finger and thumb through the aperture, I immediately did so, holding a little talisman quite as powerful as any ever wrought by his mistress herself, for on the instant the door flew wide open, and the fellow's mouth also, disclosing by the by a set of teeth supernaturally white, which showing out upon his dark visage and black mustache, gave him the look of a grinning fiend.

All this had passed without the utterance of a single word save the one "impossible," and like the mute attendant which waited of yore in the marble halls of kings, he ushered me with noiseless steps across the vestibule, and opening an oaken panelled door, he gently pushed me through, and closed it after me, leaving me to raise the heavy green curtain which I found drawn before it on the inside.

The saloon into which I was then unceremoniously ushered was one of handsome and lofty dimensions, but of sombre and faded aspect, bearing sad evidences of past grandeur in its carved cornices and gilded panels, and I thought as I gazed upwards at the painted cupids on the ceiling, and the simpering shepherds over each doorway, that perchance they might have smirked through scenes even more strange and startling than those which were each day enacted under the influence of the mysterious being who held sway in the old mansion at that very hour.

A deathlike silence pervaded the place. It was too far from the street for the sounds connected with the labours of the day to be heard within. No sound disturbed the stillness save the ticking of the old timepiece upon the chimney, that heavy, measured sound which seems to increase rather than dispel the silence. The large mirror, dim with age, and dark as ice upon the turbid pool, reflected naught but the portrait of the sybil herself, which hung on the opposite wall. It was a large painting, representing Mademoiselle Lenormand at the very flower of her age, and evidently at the time of her favour at the court of Napoleon, for by a pardonable vanity she had caused herself to be represented sitting on the balcony of the palace of the Tuileries, gazing out upon the royal gardens, and leaning upon a sculptured table, whereon were spread various insignia of her trade and calling. Among them, towering above all, the famous cup of gold given her by the Empress Josephine.

I could not help smiling as I turned to gaze upon the portrait. It certainly was that of a handsome woman, but not of the kind of beauty which would have realized any preconceived idea of the sublime or terrible. There was an open contented expression about the countenance, a twinkling malice in the small blue eyes, that might have suggested to the invidious gazer the possibility of her having felt, at the moment of sitting for the picture, some extraordinary glee, some inward satisfaction at the eager credulity with which her prognostics had been received by the ardent yet simple-minded Josephine.

Her hair, of bright auburn hue, was confined by a circle of gold, the fashion of the day when the "classics" reigned triumphant, and the fashions of Greece were ransacked to adorn the most unclassical of all styles of beauty, that of the ladies of France. The dress was of white muslin, disposed in the same classical taste, scarcely sufficing to cover the healthy and unclassical proportions of the bust. A serpent of gold encircled the arm, which was bare to the very shoulder, and amply testified that unlike the sybils of old, Mademoiselle Lenormand could not have deemed that in fasting and penance, lay the great secret of inspiration.

Somewhat disappointed, I turned from the portrait and gazed round the room. The obscurity seemed even to have increased since I had entered, and the silence made me nervous, for I had been told that "a crowd of visitors flocked to her daily," that there was not space to breathe in the waiting-room. So that I was almost startled by the solitary reflection of my own face in the aforesaid dingy glass, and really began to long for the presence of some one to break that strange stillness.

I turned for relief to the prints upon the wall. Neither were these greatly calculated to divert evil thoughts or to inspire pleasant ones. They were of great value, and to the collector of rarities would have been beyond all price. The "Death of Louis Seize," "The Massacre of the Carmes," "The Trajet de Marie Antoinette," in short the whole set which were bought up and destroyed at the period of the Restoration.

In one corner of the room stood unfolded, to its utmost length, an antique oriental screen, of great value no doubt, but looking awfully cabalistic with its myriads of flying fish and swimming birds traversing it in every direction. I remembered just such a one at my grandmother's when I was quite a child, and the old association was so strong at the moment, that I actually ventured to cross the room, although on tiptoe, and holding my breath to examine it more closely.

As I stood before it, absorbed in the contemplation, I thought I heard a rustling noise, as of some one moving behind it, and at the same moment a long drawn sigh. The bitter sob of deep distress issued from the dark corner before which it stood!

I was absolutely frightened! It was evident that some one was concealed behind the screen—I was not alone—and instead of immediately setting the question at rest as I should have done had I been less excited, I stood still, completely thunderstruck, until I fancied that I could hear the murmuring sound of voices from the apartment beyond, and gazing upwards (for nothing could have induced me to go behind the screen) I beheld the door through which issued the sound. It was doubtless there that the priestess held her oracles, and, as at this idea, I listened more attentively, I distinctly heard sobs of anguish mingle with the murmur, and low bursting sobs, which seem to cleave the very soul, so painfully do they gush forth—yet stifled too, as if fearing to be overheard.

The sound ceased in a few minutes, and all was as still as before, save that the rain now pattered with violence against the long casements, and the wind roared through the wide chimney, sending a cloud of smoke and ashes through the room, and darkening the little light that remained.

It was now almost four o'clock. I had waited nearly an hour—daylight was fast waning away, and I began to be afraid that I had been forgotten. I sought for the bell-rope, there was none beside the chimney, and after having looked in every corner, save in the dark one behind the screen, I was forced to come to the disagreeable conclusion, that the case in which I stood had been anticipated—that there must evidently be fears of being disturbed—that the clamour might be too great—that however impatient "the consultant" might be to gain access to the Pythoness there were no means of summoning her familiars, and that one was compelled either to wait her own good time, or to retire altogether. This last step I did not feel at all disposed to take, for the storm was still raging most pitilessly abroad, and I thought that after having travelled so far it would be cowardice to turn back with my errand unfulfilled.

Well, I drew near the hearth to rake together the few remaining embers that beamed there dull and lurid, and after coaxing them into something like a blaze, I sat myself down in the great bergère, which stood by the fire, to wile away the time as best beseeemed me.

There was a small gueridon of rusty white marble, standing between the bergère and the end of the screen, with crooked legs and gilt railings, such as may still be found in many of the ancient French houses, and upon it lay, as I imagined by way of ornament, a gold enamel snuff-box, with the huge projecting hinges, and the half-moon snap, which denote so quaintly the antique origin. Thinking to divert my ennui by a close examination of the antiquated bijou, I stretched forth my arm without rising from the chair; lazily and with a stifled yawn I drew the little gueridon near. The box was standing towards the edge—it was already within my grasp—when lo! judge, thou gentle reader, of my terror, of my consternation, when at the very moment I was about to take it up, a long, lean, withered arm was put forth from behind the screen—a female arm, dried and wrinkled, of the peculiar hue of parchment, covered but not concealed by the long black lace mitten worn by our grandmothers in the olden time, with the bony fingers peeping from below the fringe of silk, like the claws of some wild bird of prey, naked and sharp from below the ruff of sable feathers which surrounded it.

While I was yet gazing in mute astonishment upon the vision, these very fingers had closed over the gold box, and had drawn it in the contrary direction—the whole had disappeared like a mere thought, a suspicion, and left no trace behind. Yet stay—there I am wrong, for there was a mark upon the table where the long frills of lace had swept away the dust, and the unpleasant sensation in my teeth, caused by the squeaking noise which the box had made, as it had been dragged across the marble.

I gave myself but little time for reasoning—I was astounded! I merely hesitated while I cleared my throat of sundry nervous obstructions, which seemed to have gathered there, and with one bound I sprang to the door by which I had entered—I dashed aside the long green curtain, and laid my hand upon the lock. By heaven! I thought I should have fainted—the door was bolted on the outer side, and there was no escape. I called aloud and knocked against the door, but no one came to my rescue, and I was forced to return into the room, but dared not stir from the window, nor for a single moment turn a glance in the direction of the old black screen. The very air seemed bewitched—there was an oppressive weight in the atmosphere, which prevented my drawing my breath (this might be owing to the smoke and ashes, but at the moment I could attribute it to nought else but magic spells). I drummed with all my might against the window-pane, down which the rain-drops were trickling mournfully, and endeavoured to hum a tune about

En avant, marchons,
Contre leurs canons.

but could not; it was impossible.

I had been thus busily engaged for some minutes, gazing wistfully into the courtyard, from whence through the *porte cochère*, the small door of which was alone open, now and then a soaked pedestrian, or a stray fiacre could be discerned moving slowly along, and toiling against wind and rain with the courage of desperation. The occupation of watching had almost grown interesting, when even in this was I thwarted, for suddenly my attention was aroused by the opening of the door behind the screen. I heard a fall, and an exclamation of surprise and alarm, while a soft voice exclaimed,

"Ah, ma mère, que fait tu là?"

There was anguish in the tone, and the voice was of one speaking through tears.

Those fresh, youthful tones, speaking in natural earnestness, went through my very soul, and completely dissolved the nervous spell in which I had been bound, and I stepped forward without hesitation behind the redoubted screen.

For a moment, however, astonishment kept me mute and motionless. The magic of the sybil seemed already to have worked and conjured up a scene which should have belonged to a disordered dream—to the fevered brain of the poet, rather than to the sober reality, and to the light of day.

On the floor lay crouching a female figure, so warped and diminutive in size, that it might have been mistaken for that of a child, had I not immediately recognised the arm which had so terrified me but a short time before. Yes, there it hung in all its ugliness, lean, withered, and naked, as I had seen it, and the long claw-like fingers were clutching and snatching with nervous motion at the

fold of the ample shirt of black tabinet, in which the figure was attired, and which swept the floor, darkening the space all around.

I could see in a moment what had brought her to that strange position. She had been listening at the door, and had fallen forward on it being opened.

Bending over her in mute solicitude, stood a young girl, whose long fair hair and delicate classical profile, stood out with almost miraculous effect amid the surrounding darkness. So pale indeed were the features, so finely chiselled, too, they seemed cut in the polished marble, and as the girl stooped and endeavoured, though without success, to raise her aged companion from the ground, the group would have seemed a fit embodying of the angel of mercy bending low to save from perdition a falling spirit weighed down with sin and sinking fast into the black abyss.

The poor girl was evidently overcome, for I could observe that she trembled violently, and the big tears rolling down her face, glistened in the dim light, as they fell one by one upon her black dress. I stepped to her assistance, and gently raised her aged relative to her feet. She bowed her thanks with dignity, but spoke not, and placing the arm of the elderly lady within her own, led her tottering to the middle of the room. Here the latter stood for a moment as if to recover her wandering senses, and I gazed with curiosity upon the pair. She muttered as if repeating something she had just heard. "The principles of good and evil are struggling at this very hour. If you see him not to-night, you will behold him no more."

I could read a long and hopeless tale of misery in their appearance, as they stood thus revealed in the full daylight. They were both attired in deep mourning, but their garments were threadbare and rusty, betraying at once the long-used artifice, the humble stratagem to conceal poverty, and at the same time the uselessness of the attempt.—[Remainder next week.]

YOUNG SCOTLAND; OR, AN EVENING AT TRÉPORT.—BY BON GAULTIER.

"Yes," I continued, "the wrongs of Scotland cry aloud for vengeance. Her palaces are desolate. No monarch has she now for her nobles to bully, for her people to assail. Not a beef-eater's place is left for her pauper gentry. An alien in blood and in religion sits upon her throne; and the last scions of her royal race may be seen in the melancholy majesty of dethronement and moustachios, stalking through the desolate streets of her metropolis."

"Capedibious!" shouted Paul de Kock; "c'est grand dommage!" And as he spoke he squeezed the waist of the pretty grisette beside him with an enthusiasm that made her start.

"Ach Gott!" spluttered Young Germany, in the person of a Heidelberg bürsch, through the cloud of execrable tobacco smoke which he had been compelling for the last hour.

"Ya-as, suttlingly;" (Anglicé, yes, certainly,) at the same instant drawled a young man with a yellow face, and a very white neckcloth, who obviously conceived himself the Avatar of Young England.

"Uv a brigade of true Irish lads 'ud be of any sarvice, spake!" cried, with true Milesian fervour, a gentleman who had left "the first gem of the sea" in consequence of the troublesome importunities of his tradesmen.

"Oh, hell!" said Young America, incarnate in the Editor of "The New York Screamer."

Let me explain how, where, and when the dialogue, of which the above is a fragment, took place.

When I reached Tréport, the day before her Majesty's arrival, I found among the thousand and one idlers who had been attracted thither, a very considerable sprinkling of the Regenerators of the various countries of Europe, of whom a large assortment were quartered in the hôtel at which I put up. Young France and Young Germany in all the abomination of dirty hair, unclean nails, and tobacco smoke, were numerous represented. A staff of sickly gentlemen, with black coats and white neckcloths, with long limp oily hair and ebony walking-canes, proclaimed that the saintly eyes of Young England were upon the coming pageant; while certain inexplicable giggles, and the rumpled caps of the chambermaids, as they issued from the rooms of the aforesaid gentlemen in black, intimated that Young England's attachment to celibacy and the adoration of saints was blended with the laxity of morals and devotion to human beauty which has consistently accompanied the advocacy of similar principles from the days of Thomas Aquinas downwards. Young Ireland, too, was conspicuous in the rakish dilapidation of its raiment; and, with coat buttoned up to the chin, might be seen swaggering jauntily along, with one eye upon its ragged buttons, and the other hunting through the crowds of strangers for some unsuspecting novice to joke a dinner out of. Nor was Young America without its representatives, who went about, spitting voluminously, and asking impertinent questions, wherever they could contrive to "fix their team." It was plain how matters were to go, and that I was to be jabbered to death by these apostles of the various apocalypses of cosmopolitan reformation. Therefore, most necessary it was that I should, in self-defence, set up some peculiar stalking-horse of my own; and I made up my mind at once to stand forward, in the eyes of Europe and Tréport, as Young Scotland, and give it them—hot.

Young Scotland! It was a virgin thought; and I proceeded to put it into tangible shape with all the enthusiasm of discovery. First, as to dress. I was fortunately provided with a pair of trousers of the McFavish tartan, a check of tremendous stripes of red and yellow, in which I looked like a gigantic flamingo; a pair of iron-shod brogues; an old shooting-jacket; the original wig of "The Dougal creatur," which I had sometime before procured, as a curiosity, from my friend Murray of the Edinburgh Theatre. A Glengarry bonnet, and a snuff-mull of ramshorn, completed my equipment, combining, pleasantly, some of the leading horrors of the highland and lowland costume. As to my creed, I was a little at a loss for that. But taking a hint from the young Puseyite lawyers, who sanctify the otherwise profane precincts of the Edinburgh Parliament House,—amiable patriots, who chant pæans in praise of Claverhouse, and cross themselves at the name of the martyr Montrose;—and also borrowing a leaf out of O'Connell's book, I found I could manage to muster a long roll of grievances that looked, when put oratorically, excessively intolerable. The thing told admirably. La Jeune France sacred itself into violent declarations of my being "un esprit bien fort;" to which Young England lent its corroborative assurance in a languid "Ya-as; suttlingly. Veway much so!"—"Hol mich der Teufel!" vociferated Junge Deutschland, "s'ist ein gar verständiglicher und sehr rumfuständlicher Mann!" while Young and Repeeling Erin, in the most discordant of musical sounds, persisted in declaring that I was "just the man for Galway." All this was very well, and highly flattering; but the charm of my plan was, that it enabled me effectually to silence any one of the Regenerators, whenever I saw a flood of his nonsense coming. For instance, when Young Ireland started away into a fierce denunciation of the perfidious Sassenach, and tried to cram us with some incomprehensible stories about Irish kings, Malachi with his collar of gold, and all that humbug, I was down upon him in an instant with Fingal and the Halls of Balclutha, and pitched into the Sasse-

nach Pockpuddinack,—I found the Celtic terminations gave great additional strength to such virulence,—till Erin's tongue grew as cold as Cadwallo's, and he slunk away abashed at the imbecility of his own ire. Again, if Young Germany—a poor, harmless creature at the worst—threatened us with a philosophical scheme for modelling a nation out of the countless petty principalities and Krähwinkels of his native realms of saur kraut and sentiment, a few vivid allusions to claymores and rifle bullets, enforced by a plunge or two of the carving-knife into the table, sent him rapidly back into the serenity of his tobacco-pipe. As for Young America, the sweep and magnificence of my views as to the absurdity of paying any debt whatsoever, national or personal, awed him into reverential silence. Even he could feel that the chattering of the American 'coon was pitiful in contrast with the roar of the Scottish lion. In fact, I soon let them know that Scotland had a deal of the old blood in her, and could "cock up her beaver" as bravely as the best of the *illuminati* of either hemisphere, whenever "the ancient kingdom" so pleased.

"Vive la Jeune Ecosse!" shouted Frederick Soulié, as I entered the public room of the hôtel on my return from the Chateau d'Eau, where I had been on business that only concerns Lord Liverpool and myself, on the evening of her Majesty's arrival. The sentiment was echoed on every side; and, as I took my seat at the centre of the table, I found myself "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Even the editors of the *Presse* and *National*, who, at a side-table, were stimulating, with maddening draughts of sugar and water, their jealous wrath at the meeting of royalty which we had witnessed some hours before, ceased to execrate the deeply-laid conspiracy between Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot against the liberties of "La Belle France," and to canvass the contents of the hateful commercial treaty which Victoria did—not—carry in her royal side-pocket, and drew in their chairs towards our social circle. I had not time to swallow half a glass of brandy, before I was assailed on all sides with inquiries as to what I had seen at the chateau.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, "is this fair!—is it honourable! If his Majesty of France—"

"Qu'est que ça, que vous dites! Majesté de la France! Sacre! Ce n'est que le roi des Français," screamed the editor of the *Presse*, in a state of high excitement.

"Very well—if France has no majesty, so be it; but if, as I was saying, the king of the French honours me with his confidence, I shall prove myself worthy of it, by declining to withdraw the veil from the sacred privacy of his domestic circle."

"Mais cette maudite Traité la! Est elle souscrite!" demanded the editor of the *National*, gnashing the ruins of his teeth.

"Very probably;—in fact I should rather say it was. But you'd better ask M. Guizot the next time you meet him."

"A bas Guizot! A bas les Anglais! A bas tous les traiteurs infâmes!"

"Ah, bah! anybody you like. I have no doubt it is quite the same to them. But we burn daylight. Gentlemen, although you must excuse me from revealing the details of what passed at the chateau to-day, I have no objection to repeat a charming lyrical impromptu to which her Majesty, in the redundant hilarity of her heart, gave vent after dinner."

Every soul present, republicans and other sinners, held his breath in expectation, as I continued.

"After dinner, her Majesty visited the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans, where, by a liberal distribution of sugar-plums, she was soon in high favour, as may be supposed, with the young hope of France, and the other juveniles. The aforesaid hope was at first disposed to suck its thumb a little, and to look sullen; but her Majesty, with the true royal instinct, saw the way to his affections at once, and pulling a paper of *bonbons* from her reticule, wheedled him to her knee with this charming impromptu, which she sung to the fine national air of 'The Hieland Laddie':—

"Asseyez vous ici, mon cher,
Pretty, Petit Comte de Paris,
Je suis la reine de l'Angleterre,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris.
J'aime beaucoup de beaux gargons
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris,
V'là ces délicieux bonbons,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris!"

"The appeal was irresistible; and the future monarch clutched the sugar-plums, and thrust them into his mouth with an undisguised unction worthy of 'Jack Homer.' Her Majesty got him upon her knee, and continued, stroking his little chin as she sang—

"J'ai un petit gargon chez moi,
Pretty, petit Comte de Paris,
Tel un autre chère que toi,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris.
J'ai une fille si jolie, too,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris,
Quand une barbe vous avez, vous
Serez son mari, Comte de Paris!"

"Jamais, jamais!" cried Young France in a body as I concluded, casting up their eyes to the ceiling, in a prophetic vision, not of the alliance-conjugal pointed at in the lyric, but of future wars, where the stains of Waterloo should be washed by English blood from the lilies of France.

"I don't see that at all!" said Mr. Octavius O'Mullins, from county Wicklow. "I have no wish to spake disrespectfully of the Quane of England, the dartist! nor of Louis Philippe, either, for that matter; but it's my opinion, that the son of a bloody ould chate and tyrant like him is good enough."

"I differ from you entirely, O'Mullins," said I, without waiting, or, indeed, caring to hear the conclusion of his sentence, which, of course, was meant to wind up with some drivel about Sassenachs and treachery. "But I can't be bothered arguing the point with you just now; for I intend that our friend, the Honourable Member for Guttleton here, shall read to us a charming copy of verses which he has got in his pocket."

"Verses?—I!" exclaimed the parliamentary Young Englander, with well-feigned astonishment.

"To be sure,—I saw you sweating away at them this morning on the beach. Confess,—was it not something in Aubrey Vere's style?"

"Oh, ya-as; suttlingly! Veway much so! But, weally—" and Young England modestly drew from its pocket a note-book, from which he read, with a voice as silky as a popular preacher's, the following lines, after informing us that they were entitled,

YOUNG ENGLAND'S PROPHECY.

I.

"When Angel-like, with stars and seraphim,
The new-fledged moon in silver waves is lying,

And the spheroid orbit of the planet's hymn
Floats through the caves of night; and each replying
To each, the lucid watchword sends along,—
Oh then, my soul, open thou the fount of passion,
And with the gush of sweet, delirious song,
Pour out thy waters, not in common fashion,
The water-craving meads and thirsty dells among."
"Oh, bother! what the devil is the maning of all this blarney about moons,
and stars, and seraphim, and wather!" cried O'Mullins.
"Hush'd be thy murmurs—"
continued Young England.
"My what?" exclaimed O'Mullins. "You don't mane anything personal by
that, do you?"
"Come, come, O'Mullins," said I, interposing; "it's all right. It's only a
poetical way of bidding you hold your tongue."

II.

"Hush'd be thy murmurs, oh, thou unquiet sea!
Nor longer in convulsive thralldom wrestle;
Good Angels pour their calming oil on thee
Around the shadow of our Monarch's vessel.
Soft be her path from England unto France,
Dear Island Queen! what heretic dare chide thee,
For that thou com'st not now with sword and lance!
Bright Una! Britain's lion wakes beside thee—
YOUNG ENGLAND is thy guard—Advance, fair Queen, advance!"

III.

"Lo! the Cathedral gates are open'd wide,
And hark! within the solemn mass is pealing,
And golden censers, waved on every side,
Fill the rich air with incense, blandly stealing
Upon the soul! and there the window-pane,
Rich with the glow and vermeil tints of Venice,
Displays, in azure and in crimson stain,
The blessed martyrdom of good St. Denys,
Who died—I don't know how—but surely not in vain."
Here Paul de Kock and his grisette crossed themselves devoutly; and Young
England, regardless for a time of its brandy and water, looked meekly upwards,
with hands folded "palm to palm, and pointing from the breast." Young
America whittled freely, as the poet continued—

IV.

"New light, new faith, new element, new joy!
Oh, balmy thought! oh, holy inspiration!
Dwell we no more on tales of heathen Troy,
Nor on the foul and rancid Reformation!
Oh, if we know not what we would be at,
Let no reality dim such delusion,
But, like the Ark on lonely Ararat,
Rest calmly in the midst of wild confusion,
Not deeming what is which, but dreaming which is what."

V.

Ah, yes! great doings are in store for thee,
YOUNG ENGLAND! Child regenerate and holy!
Strange blossom, grafted on an ancient tree,
Born of mute thought and mystic melancholy!
Destined, perchance, to plant the wondrous chart
Betwixt rude being and untrodden vision;
To be the herald to the realms apart
Of other Edens and of fields Elysian,
Where beauty hath no blight, and even death no dart."

VI.

"For round thy neck, in token of thy creed,
A virgin scarf of snowy white thou bearest,
And the pure moral of thy thought and deed
Is mirror'd by the sable robe thou wearest.
Be ever thus! Be vigilant and true,
Though fools disown thee, and though worldlings chide thee;
And, undismay'd by phantoms old or new,
In the abyssal folds of wisdom hide thee,
A miracle alike to Gentile and to Jew!"

"Well, if that aint the darndest streak of everlasting nonsense as ever I
heard, may I be stewed!" exclaimed the editor of "The New York Screamer."

"You may say that; I believe you!" struck in O'Mullins. "Now, upon
your soul, as you hope to slape in glory, did you mane anything by it at all?"

"Oh, ya-as, suttingly," was all the answer which the honourable emulator of
Aubrey Vere vouchsafed to this very natural inquiry.

"I feel it my duty," here interrupted Frederic Soulié, "to enter my protest
against the sentiments of the poem we have just heard. Frenchmen, join me
in the chorus of the *Chanson de la Jeune France*!"

The uproar that followed this fine burst of republican enthusiasm is incon-
ceivable. At length the scions of Young France fell back exhausted into their
seats, and called passionately for *can sucré*! Yes! these ferocious gentlemen,
to whom carnage and desolation seemed to be meat and drink, as the sight of
Sackerson loose was to Master Slender, actually condescended to solace them-
selves with this "so potent" beverage.

"*A bas tous les gens de l'Europe—premièrement les Anglais!*"

Upon this I broke away into a rhapsody, the sentiments of which were pre-
cisely of that kind to enrapture my audience. Young England alone grew
pale in the face, and seemed to have some doubts whether I was mad, or joking.
I followed up my war chant with a long detail of injuries which Scotland had
sustained in consequence of the Union,—the removal of the seat of Royalty,
and of a separate legislature, with the scandalous diminution of places and pen-
sions consequent thereon, and other such like wrongs of which Scotland does
not complain, because she knows well that, like Ireland, she made the best of
the bargain. I had reached the passage with which this paper started, and our
party were in the full blaze of sedition and anarchy, when Mr. Auber, the com-
poser, entered the room in considerable agitation.

"What shall I do for a poet?" he exclaimed, after the first salutations were
over. "The King insists that I shall have a *cantate* upon the visit of her Bri-
tannic Majesty ready by to-morrow. I say to the King, 'Sire, I have no poetry
to compose to.—' Get some, then; for I must have the *cantate*," was his answer.
Oh, where shall I find a poet?"

Twenty voices at least proffered instant service. High-minded zealots!
They hated monarchies and despots,—there could be no doubt of that,—and yet

they were like to tear each other to pieces for the honour of writing the pane-
gyric wanted.

At first my friend Auber did not recognize me in my Young Scotland costume;
but when I introduced myself to him, and offered to relieve him from his diffi-
culty, he was only too glad to escape out of the hands of the rival bards by ac-
cepting my offer. Soulié was frantic, and vowed that Auber's next opera should
be hissed into annihilation.

"Gentlemen, one and all!" I said, as I rose to leave the room for the Cha-
teau d'Eu, "a fair good night! And ere next we meet, may Young France have
shaved and cleaned its teeth; may Young Germany have forsworn beer and to-
bacco-pipes; Young America learnt manners; Young Ireland taken to habits
of honesty and sober living; Young England renounced mysticism, 'furmety,
and sour faces;' and may you all be married, and minding your own affairs, in
place of cobbling Constitutions! As for Young Scotland, it has too much work
on hand to have time to talk, and is too thankful for peace to rake up the em-
bers of old feuds, or to seek to unrive! the links which ages of civilisation have
been required to form."

The Regenerators looked extremely foolish, as I left the room arm-in-arm
with Auber, to whom I handed, in less than an hour from that time, an ode
which Dryden would not have blushed to own. I put its merits thus modestly,
because, from its being royal property, I am not at liberty to publish it; and the
public will, therefore, have no opportunity of giving it the same character. The
loss is great; but I am able to compensate it in some measure by a ballad on
the subject of the Royal Visit to France, which has received the sanction of
royal favour.

It was a beautiful evening. The moon was paving the ocean with a glancing
frost-work of silver; and we stood on the quarter-deck of the Royal Yacht—
Lord Aberdeen and I—discussing of matters various. The subject of poetry
was broached, particularly with reference to the difficulty of treating, poetically,
events occurring under our own eye. "For instance," said his lordship, "this
meeting of the two greatest Powers in Europe, marking a new era, as it does,
in European civilisation; how difficult would it be to produce a poem which
should combine accuracy of details, and points of character, with that sort of
shadowy lustre, without which poetry, no matter how ingenious the rhythm,
becomes actual prose."

"Difficult, I grant you, my Lord," was my reply; "but not impossible. Take
our old ballads. The events they record were mostly stories, in which, perhaps,
the nameless ballad-maker was an actor. They are moulded out of 'the com-
monest things that round us lie;' and yet they are the quintessence of poetry.
My hand has some cunning in verse; and if your lordship will listen, I shall
read you a rude outline of a ballad which I have been scratching in my note-
book."

"My dear Bon! I shall be delighted"

We sat down, and, by the light of the harvest-moon, I read

THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.—PART I.

It fell upon the August month,
When landmen bide at hame,
That our gude Queen went out to sail
Upon the saut-sea faem.

And she has taen the silk and gowd,
The like was never seen;
And she has taen the Prince Albert,
And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.

"Yese bide at hame, Lord Wellington;
Ye daurna gang wi' me;
For ye hae been ance in the land o' France,
And that's eneuch for ye."

"Yese bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
To gather the red and the white monie;
And see that my men dinna eat me up
At Windsor wi' their gluttonie."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,—
A league, but barely twa.
When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blaw.

"O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their Queen;
What gars ye look sae white, Albert,
What makes your e'e sae green?"

"My heart is sick, my haid is sair,
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie;
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd gie the half o' my yearly fee."

"It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching o' the saut, saut sea!"

And aye they sailed, and aye they sailed,
Till England sank behind,
And over to the coast of France
They drave before the wind.

Then up and spak the King o' France,
Was birling at the wine;
"O wha may be the gay ladye,
That owns that ship sae fine?"

"And wha may be that bonny lad
That looks sae pale and wan?
I'll wad my lands o' Picardie,
That he's nae Englishman!"

Then up and spak an auld French lord,
Was sitting beneath his knee,
"It is the Queen o' braid England
That's come across the sea."

"And O an' it be England's Queen,
She's welcome here the day;
I'd rather hae her for a friend
Than for a deadly fae."

"Gae, kill the eeroock in the yard,
The auld sow in the sty,
And bake for her the brockit calf,
But and the puddock-pie!"

And he has gane until the ship,
As sune as it drew near,
And he has ta'en her by the hand—
"Ye're kindly welcome here!"

And syne he kissed her on ae cheek,
And syne upon the ither;
And he ca'ed her his sister dear,
And she ca'ed him her brither.

"Light down, light down now, ladye mine,
Light down upon the shore;
Nae English king has trodden here
This thousand years and more."

"And gin I lighted on your land,
As light fu' weel I may,
O am I free to feast wi' you,
And free to come and gae?"

And he has sworn by the Haly Rood,
And the black stane o' Dumblane,
That she is free to come and gae
Till twenty days are gane.

"I've lippen'd to a Frenchman's aith,"
Said gude Lord Aberdeen;
"But I'll never lippen to it again,
Sae lang's the grass is green."

"Yet gae you ways, my sovereign liege,
Since better may na be;
The wee bit bairns are safe at hame,
By the blessing o' Marie!"

Then down she lighted frae the ship.
She lighted safe and sound;
And glad was our good Prince Albert
To step upon the ground.

"Is that your Queen, my Lord," she said,
"That auld and buirdly dame?
I see the crown upon her heid;
But I dinna ken her name."

And she has kiss'd the Frenchman's Queen,
And eke her daughters three,
And gi'en her hand to the young Princes
That louted upon the knee.

And she has gane to the proud castle,
That's biggit beside the sea;
But aye when she thought o' the bairns at hame,
The tear was in her e'e.

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese
But and the porter fine;
And he gied her the puddock-pies
But and the blude-red wine.

Then up and spake the dourest Prince,
And Admiral was he;
"Let's keep the Queen o' England here,
Sin' better may na be!"

"O mony is the dainty king
That we hae trappit here;
And mony is the English yerl
That's in our dungeons drear!"

"You lee, you lee, ye graceless loon,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
There never yet was Englishman
That came to skaith by me."

"Gae out, gae out, ye fause traitor!
Gae out until the street;
It's shame that Kings and Queens should sit
Wi' sic a knave at meat!"

Then up and raise the young French Lord,
In wrath and hie disdain—
"O ye may sit, and ye may eat
Your puddock-pies alane!"

"But were I in my ain gude ship,
And sailing wi' the wind,
And did I meet wi' auld Napier,
I'd tell him o' my mind."

O then the Queen leuch loud and lang,
And her colour went and came;
"Gin ye met wi' Charlie on the sea,
Ye'd wish yersell at hame!"

And aye they birlit at the wine,
And drink right merrilie,
Till the auld cock craw'd in the castle-yard,
And the Abbey bell struck three.

The Queen she gaed until her bed,
And Prince Albert likewise;
And the last word that gay ladye said
Was—"O thae puddock-pies!"

PART II.

The sun was hie within the lift
Afore the French King raise;
And syne he loup'd until his sark,
And waralit on his claes.

"Gae up, gae up, my little foot-page,
Gae up until the toun;
And gin ye meet wi' the auld Harper,
Be sure to bring him down."

And he has met wi' the auld Harper;
O but his een were red;
And the bizz ng o' a swarm o' bees
Was singing in his heid.

"Alack! alack!" the Harper said,
"That this should e'er hae been!
I daurna gang before my liege,
For I was fou yestreen."

"It's ye maun come, ye auld Harper;
Ye daurna tarry lang;
The King is just dementit-like
For wanting o' a sang."

And when he came to the King's chamber,
He loutit on his knee,
"O what may be your gracious will
Wi' an auld, frail man like me?"

"I want a sang, Harper," he said,
"I want a sang richt speedilie;
And gin ye dinna make a sang,
I'll hang ye up on the gallows tree."

"I canna do 't, my liege," he said.
"Hae mercy on my auld gray hair!
But gin that I had got the words,
I think that I might mak the air."

"And wha's to mak the words, fause loon,
When minstrels we have barely twa;
And Lamartine is in Paris toun,
And Victor Hugo far awa!"

"The deil may gang for Lamartine,
And flie awa wi' auld Hugo,
For a better minstrel than them baith
Within this very toun I know."

"O kens my liege the gude Walter,—
At hame they ca' him Bon Gualtier!—
He'll rhyme ony day wi' True Thomas,
And he is in the castle here."

The French King first he lauchit loud,
And syne did he begin to sing:—
"My e'en are auld, and my heart is cauld,
Or I suld hae known the minstrel's King."

"Gae take to him this ring o' gowd,
And this mantle o' the silk sae fine,
And bid him mak a maister sang
For his sovereign ladye's sake and mine."

"I winna take the gowden ring,
Nor yet the mantle fine;
But I'll mak the sang for my ladye's sake,
And for a cup of wine."

The Queen was sitting at the cards,
The King ahint her back,
And aye she deal'd the red honours
And aye she deal'd the black;

And syne unto the dourest Prince
She spake richt courtesilie:—
"Now wi' ye play, Lord Admiral,
Now will ye play wi' me?"

The dourest Prince he bit his lip,
And his brow was black as glaur:
"The only game that ever I play
Is the bluidy game o' war!"

"And gin ye play at that, young man,
It weel may cost ye sair;
Ye'd better stick to the game at cards,
For you'll win nae honours there!"

The King he leuch, and the Queen she leach
Till the tears ran blithely down;
But the Admiral he raved and swore,
Till they kicked him frae the room.

The Harper came, and the Harper sang,
And O but they were fain;
For when he had sung the gude sang twice,
They called for it again.

It was the sang o' the Field o' Gowd
In the days of auld langsyne,
When bauld King Henry crossed the seas
Wi' his brither king to dine.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till up the Queen she sprang—
"I'll wad a County Palatine,
Gude Walter made that sang."

Three days had come, three days had gane,
The fourth began to fa',
When our gude Queen to the Frenchman said,
"It's time I was awa!"

"O, bonny are the fields o' France,
And saftly draps the rain;
But my bairnies are in Windsor Tower,
And greeting a' their lane."

"Now ye maun come to me, Sir King
As I have come to ye;
And a benison upon your heid
For a' your courtesie!"

Now he has ta'en her kily white hand
And put it to his lip,
And he has ta'en her to the strand
And left her in her ship.

"Will ye come back, sweet burd," he cried,
 "Will ye come kindly here,
 When the lift is blue, and the laverocks sing,
 In the spring-time o' the year!"

"It's I would blithely come, my Lord,
 To see ye in the spring;
 It's I would blithely venture back,
 But for ae little thing."

"It isna that the winds are rude,
 Or that the waters rise,
 But I lo'e the roasted beef at hame,
 And no thae puddock-pies!"

Loud and hysterical laughter from behind the companion hailed the conclusion of this essay upon the ancient ballad. We had been overheard. Lord Aberdeen rushed forward.

"Good heavens!" I heard him exclaim. "It is her Majesty!"

STORIES OF BROTHERS.

GUY DE BERE.

Was it ever, dear reader, your fate to arrive, in a usually lively country town, the day after a contested election? or in a watering-place hotel, when the steam had been let off, a week after the closing of the gay season? If so, you may form some notion, though perhaps, after all, an imperfect one, of the contrast afforded by the great Dr. Y——'s usually noisy and overflowing school-room, when, late on the afternoon of a foggy and dismal day (the 24th of December 18—), its inmates were reduced to only three youths whom conveyances, more or less aristocratic, had not already whirled to more or less happy Christmas firesides.

Nor was the morning and evening aspect of this huge deserted bee-hive more widely contrasted than the fate and position of the lads, who yet instinctively congregated in the scene of their mutual joys and sorrows. While two of them, the indulged and wayward sons of a rich Shropshire baronet, were lost in conjecture as to the possible cause of delay in the arrival of the family chariot in which their thirty miles' journey home was usually performed, the third—though the son of an individual holding despotic sovereignty, all but in name, over a large territory in America—had alas! in England no domestic hearth to receive and compensate to him for the distance and perils of his natural protectors.

The London merchant through whose agency he had been placed at school, and his expenses there defrayed, had just become involved in the extensive failures of the period; and the elegant villa of his ward's summer recreations, and the splendid town-house, where former Christmas fare had been luxuriously enjoyed, were alike shut to him; and with the generous fellow-feeling inherent in English youth, the sons of Sir George de Bere had determined to bespeak, or rather take for granted, their father's hospitality in behalf of their awkwardly-situated foreign comrade, when the driving up of the long-expected vehicle raised to their utmost pitch the joyous anticipations of the inviters, and the modest misgivings of the invited.

"A chaise-and-four!" exclaimed the elder of the young De Beres, going to the window; "better late than never! But" (gazing in surprise at the descent of a grave elderly man from the vehicle) "what bore of an old fellow is this he has sent to spoil sport, and force a brace of us to go outside in this cold weather?"

"Hush, Guy, he'll hear you," was his quieter though younger brother's caution. But he might have saved his remonstrance; for minutes—hours they seemed to the boys—elapsed; the horses, jaded as they were, had time to paw impatiently, and the post-boys to walk, thumping their sides, in chill discomfort on the frozen gravel, and yet no summons from Dr. Y—— gave the welcome signal of departure to the yet more impatient group within.

The boys sat looking into the embers of the huge decaying school-room fire, as if to read there the cause of this inexplicable delay, till strange misgivings, they knew not exactly why, usurped the place of their late buoyant anticipations, and Geoffrey, the younger De Bere, suddenly exclaimed, "Suppose papa should have been taken ill? The man below looked just like a doctor."

"And very likely indeed, if he were ill, that the doctor of all people should leave him!" cried Guy the elder and favourite, though with far less of sympathy in his accent: "To my thinking, the fellow in black looked far more like a lawyer."

And his prognostic—slightly founded prognostic—was verified; for, as he spoke, a message from Dr. Y—— summoned the brothers to meet in his room their father's solicitor. One glance at the conventional solemnity of this functionary's brow spoke volumes to the already presaging face of Geoffrey. "Papa is ill, sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted boy. "I see it in your face already!"

"Sir George has been ill—very ill," said Dr. Y——, anticipating with compassionate circumlocution the stranger's possibly abrupt reply; his sufferings, which were great, are happily for himself terminated; but, my dear young friends, it has pleased God to deprive you of a very kind father."

Geoffrey, susceptible of emotion as a girl, burst into a fit of passionate weeping. His elder brother, with more of manliness (he was seventeen, and Geoffrey three years younger), maintained his self-possession; and though shocked and sobered, as any creature possessed of common feeling must be, by intelligence so disastrous and unexpected, Dr. Y——, who from long habit read boys' souls as readily as he did their exercises, saw, in the involuntary kindling of his proud eye, and the flush which, after a momentary paleness, mantled his dark cheek, that the supposed heir of wealth and title was not insensible to their sudden possession.

The task which lay before the doctor, already a heavy one, was not lightened by the glance thus afforded into his pupil's mind and character. But his nerves were steeled by its revelations to greater firmness, and with the very feeling, how proud were the hopes he was about to demolish, mingled, oddly enough, less of regret and reluctance in their overthrow.

"Before you begin your melancholy journey," said Dr. Y——, "under the charge of this gentleman (who in the meantime will partake of some refreshment in the next room), he has devolved on me, my dear young friends, the painful office of unfolding to you some particulars in your family history, with which it is indispensable you should be made immediately acquainted. Summon to your aid, Guy, the firmness and self-possession of which you have just given token, in bearing a misfortune, the greatest that can befall a lad of your age. The blow which this letter will inflict is of a different and more personal nature. Let me see that you can bear the loss of wealth with as much equanimity as that of a parent! Your trial, my boy, is a hard one; but think how much harder must have been the task of penning this."

The letter, whose unsteady characters too well testified the acuteness of the writer's feelings, addressed by the late Sir George to his eldest and darling son, ran as follows:—

"When you read this, my dear and unfortunate boy, the hand that penned it will be cold in death, and the heart that bleeds to inflict an inevitable blow will be insensible to its effects on the fondest objects of a father's idolatry. Let your feelings be what they may—and I tremble but to think of their poignancy—oh! do not suffer them to lead you to curse an unhappy father, or to blight, with even a moment's filial impiety, the memory of a mother, alas! "more sinned against than sinning."

When that mother (in an evil hour for one at least) joined her fate for life with mine, her plighted and yet undissolved vows were another's; and ere release from ties too sacred I now see and feel to have been broken, could be accelerated, even by the mutual wish of those long severed on every other point in feelings as in affections, you, my first and best-beloved child, saw the light!

Even to one so young in the world's ways, I need scarce say more to convey the sad truth, that, loved and cherished, nay, sinfully preferred as you have hitherto been, by one who felt that love was all, or nearly all, he could bestow, another must be, in the eye of the law, my heir—your unconscious, loving, and oh! remember, wholly innocent Geoffrey, whose heart, I know, will bleed as truly in supplanting a brother, as mine in disinheriting a son! Be to him still, as he, I am confident, will be to you, a brother. Though he must, perforce wrest an empty title from your grasp, deny him not the satisfaction of shielding his father's memory, and speaking peace to a troubled spirit by sharing with you, when of age to do so, wealth amply sufficient for you both.

As years, however, must pass first, I have not been unmindful of a parent's duty. The savings of ten years' rigid self-denial are justly yours, and yours so entirely—a debt rather than a bequest or boon—that I clog them with no restraints, which I have forfeited a parent's right to impose. At eighteen, you will, I know, be older in mind and character than most lads of twenty-one. At eighteen years of age, as many thousands will be yours, on simply claiming them at my banker's, unfettered by even any wish of mine as to their appropriation, save a dying parent's prayer that the name and fortune they may enable you to carve for yourself, may compensate those it is his hard lot (a death-bed teaches me to say), the penalty of his crime, to snatch from you."

Ere the letter was well finished, the arms of the warm-hearted younger brother were twined round the elder's reluctant neck; and he was exclaiming, with the generous recklessness which formed the chief feature of his character, "Never mind, Guy, what anybody says, not even poor dear papa on his death-bed! How could he think for a moment I would rob you of either title or estate? I would not be Sir Geoffrey, and you plain Guy de Bere."

"You forget I am not even plain Guy de Bere!" was the bitter reply of one to whom the idea of obligation, even to a brother, would have been worse than loss of name and birthright.

"And surely you do not forget that we are brothers still, Guy, let the world call us by what names it will!" exclaimed the deeply-wounded boy, on whose affectionate heart the sudden revolution in their fortune gave his hitherto dominating brother a new and tenderer claim. "Let us share alike, as poor papa advised and expected, whatever he has left behind him; and never vex me nor yourself more about which is eldest or youngest according to law. We don't want the law to tell us how to love each other; and if the law won't let you be Sir Guy, thank goodness it can't force me to be Sir Geoffrey!"

"There is a law more sacred and binding, my dear boys," interposed the deeply moved Dr. Y——, "which summons you to the joint filial office of laying in the grave the head of your late lamented parent. With this law, the conventional ones of man's making have no right to interfere. As nothing is known, Mr. B—— tells me, or even suspected at Bere Park of any informality in the supposed line of succession (though steps are already taken to establish it elsewhere), my earnest advice to you both is, to let things take their wonted course till the funeral is over; and suffer no vain punctilio or cold consideration of what may transpire hereafter, to mar the solemnity of your joint act of duty to a parent, whose errors, be they what they may, have originated in misjudging affection."

"I will be an interloper nowhere, and least of all at my father's grave!" was again the elder's bitter reply. In vain did the kind Geoffrey plead—the good doctor remonstrate; misfortune had made an independent man of his late pupil, and all he would accept from his brother was accommodation in the carriage for himself and their transatlantic comrade to the next stage; where, stepping with him into the first coach for town, he proceeded at once to the house of the banker with whom was deposited his late father's destined legacy.

Having sent up the letter to prove his identity, he astonished the man of money by the calm self-possession with which he unfolded to him his unalterable resolve of accompanying his young American schoolfellow, in the first instance, to Cornwall, for instructions in mining, which it was part of the object of the stay of the latter in England to acquire; and at the expiry of a year, when his capital should become due, to transfer it and himself, along with his friend, to the country of his future adoption; making it an express stipulation with the bewildered banker, as he valued his deceased friend's memory, and his injured son's future well-being, that he would preserve the most inviolable secrecy as to every part of the above scheme.

"I was to be food for powder at any rate," said the proud boy bitterly; "and whether I died fighting for Spain here, or against her in some obscure skirmish out yonder, there's none to care now. I dreamt, fool as I was, of taking young J—— to Bere Park for the holidays; he'll take me to Mexico for life instead, that's all! You'll give us the needful, sir, in the meantime, surely, with eighteen thousand in your hands, and an empire for security! You would not like to see me dabbling with Jews?"

With a youth of such determination, and knowledge of so much (and that not the best) of this world's ways, there was nothing for it on the part of one not "having authority," but to advise and suggest. Mr. G—— consented to advance enough of the coming year's interest on the youth's patrimony for present subsistence in Cornwall, and the residue a year hence for passage-money to America. On the disposal of the capital, it would be time enough to consult when it should become due. And, hardly knowing whether to marvel at the boy's iron nature, or admire his self-possession in such trying circumstances, the banker promised to keep his secret, and saw him and his gentler comrade safe off for Turo.

It is not to be wondered that, in a mine at the Land's End, they defied all the inquiries of Dr. Y—— and his sorrowing pupil, the new Sir Geoffrey, whom, on his return after the holidays, every nook of the playground and school-room reminded of his loved and lost brother. They had forgotten the name of the banker mentioned in the late baronet's letter, and if they had remembered it, they would have been little the wiser.

In the meantime the year had come and gone; and, punctual to the day that made him eighteen, Guy Molinare (for he had taken and thus travestied his mo-

her's maiden name of "Miller"; presented himself in Bond Street, to arrange about and receive his unfettered bequest. He anticipated the cautious trustee's objection to vesting the whole in so unsettled a country as Mexico, by coolly saying he had decided on leaving 5000*l.* in his hands, for an English commission, should he live to return, and choose to buy one; or to devolve, in case of his death, or its remaining unclaimed for ten years, on his improvident younger brother. "He'll be out at elbows long before that time," said his precocious elder. "Let him come to school with his pockets ever so full, not a sous was there in them at the end of the first fortnight. But to business. Twelve thousand you will be kind enough to remit in good bills to Mexico; and the odd thousand we shall require for outfit. We sail in the *Britannia* from Falmouth. The miners and machinery (J's department) will be on board in a week. The arms and accoutrements are mine, and we must join them in ten days at farthest."

This has been a long story already, and to tell how the young adventurers sped, would swell it beyond all compass. Their arrival found the father of the one on a throne, ephemeral, indeed, as it proved, but, while it endured, omnipotent. All it wanted was that strange lack in every *El Dorado*, namely, money; and, backed with twelve thousand pounds, the heir-apparent's friend was an officer forthwith, and a colonel ere long, with as many shares in the really good mines his English skill and wealth helped to refit, as in the speculative maris of Europe soon tripled his capital. "Make hay while the sun shines, my good fellow," wrote his astonished agent; "with thirty thousand against your name in the bank of England, you can set up for emperor yourself, if your friend's papa should be ousted." The consummation thus lightly alluded to was not far off, and a man too amiable for the set he acted with, was thrown back on that "post of honour" in civil commotions, a "private station." With his retirement terminated all Guy's interest in the affairs of New Spain; but the military ardour there imbibed had taken deep possession of his soul; and disgusted at revolutions becoming mingled with admiration for the Spanish character, he longed to transfer his sword to the cause of Spain. Handing over to his friend, for a large additional sum, his remaining interest in the still prosperous mines they had jointly explored, he joined—already more than half a Spaniard in complexion, ideas, and language—the Peninsular army. Previous, however, to this removal, and to possible collision with his own countrymen, he availed himself of a sabre-cut in the face in his last skirmish, which would enable him to defy recognition, to desire the banker to spread the report of his death, and to pay over, on the faith of it, the £5000 which, as part of his father's personals, pride had always made him wish should fall to his brother.

The deeds of gallantry of the pseudo-Spaniard were not long in attracting the attention of the English general P—, intercourse with whom and his staff so far revived in Guy's breast long dormant English feelings, that, avowing himself of British extraction, and taking as such the well known Irish *nom de guerre* of Nugent, he joined as a volunteer the standard of his country, and took a prominent share in most of the battles in which it waved triumphant. The contest ended, he came to England loaded with ribbons and orders, with the fame and mien of a hero, and what heroes seldom have to boast of—a large and accumulating fortune. For this he had, from the first, but one use and destination. He had not lived so much of late among his countrymen without inquiring, as if idly, about the proceedings of the baronet of Bere Park, who—his elder brother being now seven-and-twenty—had been for some three or four years of age. These had sufficed to make him, as Guy predicted, an embarrassed man; not from either vice or profusion in his personal expenditure, but facility of disposition, and a foolish dislike of being outdone in trifles by those around him. To this had been added the expense entailed by a high connexion; for a certain Lady Anne—the daughter of a neighbouring peer, designed from infancy, by county gossip, for his brother—had transferred herself, nothing loath, to the rightful heir; for whom, to do her justice, she had in their nursery days manifested the most decided preference. This was, perhaps, the only part of his possessions which Guy had really, after the first shock, grudged his brother; and, forgetting that his boyish love for her had never been returned, he had a sort of satisfaction in learning that she was extravagant, and had half ruined her husband.

"She must ruin him quite before I shall be satisfied!" was the ejaculation of one who, as the handsome and distingue millionaire, Count Nugent, was the lion of the London society, with which it cost his sister-in-law so much to keep up. It was not long ere an estate lying close to Bere Park, and most desirable for its possessor, came into the market. But while, even at the market price, it would have inconvenienced Sir Geoffrey to buy it (as Lady Anne and her friends kept urging him to do), it rose suddenly and provokingly in value, in consequence of the appearance of a competitor in the person of the Peninsular hero, General Nugent, whose professed predilection for a residence in—shire no one could comprehend. And still less was his conduct understood when, after remaining in the field long enough to raise the property some thousands to the purchaser, he withdrew from it just in time to see it knocked down at the enhanced price to Sir Geoffrey.

It was the same on other occasions, when fate seemed to take pleasure in pitting them against each other. The death of a distant branch of the De Beres threw open to sale a lot of pictures, of little value save to the family, and which the baronet, who had set his heart on them, expected to get for a song. No such thing! Again was Count Nugent in the way, and the portraits, instead of pounds, soon rose to hundreds; and yet, after all, those hundreds came as if conjured thence, from Sir Geoffrey's already drained coffers.

That *bete noire*, in the meantime, of Lady Anne's—that "Mordecia in the king's gate" of her husband's—though declining to buy the estate next door on which his fancy had been so ruinously set, chose to plant himself down within six or seven miles of them, by renting a deserted ducal residence; and so palpable was his design to outshine and eclipse the former leaders of fashion in the county, that he was said to be on the eve of marrying the duke's deaf daughter, that his wife might take precedence of poor Lady Anne.

So far the report was premature, for he married nobody; but he was all the more the fashion, and gave such fetes, and such balls, and such archery meetings that the very shoals of visitors who came for them to Bere Park, cost its owners as much as giving entertainments themselves. So they gave them, in rivalry and retaliation, till the country season came to a close, and with it Sir Geoffrey's resources for carrying on the war of reprisals either in town or country. He had been content to drive a pair, and his wife her pretty ponies, till Nugent's four long-tailed Andalusians astonished every gentleman in the county. In short, the old country gentleman had bled to the last drop for the honour of England and the family; but the long purse and cool insolence of the Don had carried the day hollow. And Guy de Bere had carried his point—the vow of his proud heart on first reading his father's letter. His brother was a ruined man, and Bere Park mortgaged up to its full value; and he, through the agents, whom money can always command, the holder of every shilling upon it. The place was advertised to be let; he took it, though with no seeming thoughts

of residence; and while the owners were sadly packing up for a ten years' expatriation—new furnished it from top to bottom—put the glass roof Lady Anne had been sighing for on her magnificent conservatory—built the splendid billiard-room to match, which even Sir Geoffrey had felt was a thing to be desired rather than accomplished—re-stocked the garden with exotic novelties from all parts of the world; then declared himself (still as Count Nugent) the mortgagee over the property, and insisted on the alternative of payment or possession. It was, alas! as matters stood, no alternative at all! and with a sad and sorrowful heart, the title deeds of his paternal estate were handed to him.

He cast on them one proud satisfied glance; then coolly folding them in a fresh envelope, addressed to "the Lady Anne de Bere," and marked in the corner with the initials (in a well-known school-boy hand) of G— de B—, took the packet himself to Dover.

It was his purpose to lay them with his own hand (watching his opportunity when the party should be out) on his sister-in-law's table at the Ship Inn; where she and her husband were awaiting the then necessary fair wind for Calais.

He had not long arrived in the hotel, when the hanger-on employed by him to give notice, reported the lady and gentleman in No. 4. gone out with a guide to see Shakespeare's cliff. Fearless, therefore, as regarded interruption, but stealthily as one whose purpose, though not evil, yet shunned the face of day—De Bere entered the inn parlour, the sole English home (thanks to him) of his only brother.

He came there, as we said, to deposit the packet, unsuspected, and then depart—depart for ever! in the same vessel, probably, which had been destined to wait to distant lands the no longer beggared ones! But on advancing into the large and dimly lighted room, he found, too late to retreat, that it was not unoccupied. On the rug, at its upper end, two lovely boys (attended by a vainly interposing nurse) were struggling violently for the possession of a favourite plaything; and as the interloper emerged from behind a huge screen, he caught the words, which, homely and familiar as they were in nursery parlance, fell as if heaven-directed, on his ear and heart—"Oh! Master de Bere, don't be so spiteful and domineering! Kiss little Gref, and give him his own directly; else mamma will never love you."

"Who said I would not love my boy? and why?" cried a soft voice, as Lady Anne—too sad at heart for sight-seeing, and for whom some one else had been mistaken by the scout—came forth "like Niobe all tears" from her dressing-room within. "Not quarrelling again! and your mother and yourselves going to bid good-by for ever, perhaps, to dear England."

It was no marvel if that mother stood rooted with surprise on the threshold of the room from which she was emerging. A dark-haired and dark-browed stranger was bending over her already reconciled darlings. The little mouth of Geoffrey, when held up to be kissed, met a rougher lip than that of his quick but warm-hearted playfellow, who himself was snatched (with a wild fervour, which paled even his dark glowing cheek) to the intruder's heart.

The elder child, meanwhile, with his wonted impetuosity, had possessed himself of the packet in the stranger's hand, and running with it to Lady Anne (for whom he saw it addressed), and holding it playfully over his head, cried out, "You shan't have it, mamma, till you kiss and are friends with your own dear Guy!"

"Guy!" exclaimed the stranger, in a voice whose tone, changed and deepened as it was, brought earlier nursery scenes at once to the mind of her who stood before him. "And is he really called so? and after whom?"

"A brother, long since dead, of Sir Geoffrey's," Lady Anne was mechanically uttering, like one who, questioned in his sleep, replies in a dream, when her eye resting suddenly on the initials in the corner of the packet in her hand, she shrieked out, "Guy alive!" and sank in stupor on the carpet beside her wondering children.

When she revived, two forms were bending over her, whose softened images might be traced (as if reflected) in the infant pair at her feet. A tear had been wiped from either manly cheek; a grasp of the hand exchanged, that spoke the long-estranged ones brethren still. "You will stay among us, Guy!" whispered Lady Anne anxiously, as—alluding to her lately overheard regrets, and the contents of the yet unopened packet—he expressed his joy that there would no longer be any necessity for their expatriation. "You, too, will surely stay in England?"

But England, hard as it had been for one so happy there as Lady Anne to leave it, had, alas! no charms for Guy de Bere. A youth of high hopes dashed, a manhood devoted to smoothing for a brother the road to ruin, and thus earning a brief, and hollow, and now detested triumph, these were not scenes and passages to blend with the hallowed feelings of home. An hour of emotion, deep and precious though it be, and dwelt on in after times as sacred, suffices not to change the nature of man, and obliterate the stern characters of a lifetime.

Circumstances, over which he had no control, had made Guy an early alien—he was a wanderer from habit—from predilection, a soldier and a Spaniard. He so far met the wishes of his gentle sister, as to pass with them a few brief weeks in Paris, ere embarking at Nantes for Havana. He returned to the land which had first welcomed the outcast, and fell really (as once fictionously) in the civil conflicts of New Spain.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

No II.

It was on Friday, the 13th of October, 1307, that the Grand Master and all the Knights Templars who were found with him in his residence at Paris were arrested there by command of King Philip, while at the same time all the members of the order in the other parts of France were treated in the same manner. As soon as they were seized they were put into irons; the palace of the Temple was taken possession of by the king; a proclamation was issued denouncing the unhappy men as monsters of wickedness, whose deeds, and even whose very words were enough to pollute the earth and to infect the air; and the people were invited to assemble immediately in the royal garden to listen to the detail of their unheard-of crimes. A multitude having accordingly collected from all the parishes of the capital, several persons appointed for that purpose addressed them, and in the style of oratory best adapted to inflame their passions, recounted to them the charges which had been brought against the devoted order.

According to many authorities, the accusers of the Templars, in the first instance, were two individuals of their own community, who had been condemned by the Grand Master, for their general profligacy, to perpetual imprisonment. Both, it is remarked, afterwards perished disgracefully, one of them having been hanged. In the mean time, however, they received their liberty as a reward for the part which they played. The testimony of other witnesses was subsequently added to theirs,—how obtained, we shall immediately see. The charges themselves may be shortly described as being exactly of the sort most calculated to impose upon the credulity of that age, and to shock the reason of ours. The ceremonial of initiation, it was asserted, was little else than a medley of de-

bauchery and profanity, in which the wildest excesses of both were practised by the whole assembly, and systematically taught to the novice. Whatever may have been the profligacy of individuals, it is sufficiently improbable that in any circumstances conduct such as this should have been hazarded at the general meetings of the order, and especially on occasion of the reception of new members into its bosom; but a fact which has for the first time been noticed by M. Raynouard renders the accusation still more palpably absurd and incredible. It is ascertained that the Templars, not in France only, but in other countries, were well aware of the conspiracy which was in preparation for their ruin a very considerable time before their actual arrest. A letter of Clement's dated the 22nd of August, 1307, (nearly two months antecedent to that event,) testifies that the Grand Master and other chiefs of the order, having learned that they were denounced, had applied to him, not only once, but many times, to institute an investigation respecting the matters of which they were accused. This readiness, and even anxiety, to meet the charges against them, of itself argues favourably for their innocence; but we may at least be certain that, if any criminal practices had hitherto polluted their meetings, they would be abandoned now that they knew the dangerous position in which they stood. Yet upon referring to the evidence, it appears that several of the witnesses who depose to the same flagitious transactions as the rest, had, according to their own account, been received into the order, some only a few months, some only a few weeks, some only a few days, before the general arrest. The persons who gave this evidence were members who thereby purchased their life and freedom, while their brethren who asserted the falsehood of the accusations were consigned to torture, imprisonment, and the stake. Their testimony, suspicious enough from the circumstances in which it was delivered, ought to have been felt to be altogether confuted by its own intrinsic absurdity.

But, in truth, what can we think of any of the stories brought forward upon this occasion, except that they were well devised to catch the easy faith of that barbarous age, when we look to the mingled tissue of the horrible, the ludicrous, and the impossible, which form their substance? So vehement, if we are to believe these narratives, was the anti-Christian zeal of the chevaliers, that no sooner had they admitted among them a new brother, than they forced him to deny the Saviour and to trample upon the crucifix. Yet such at the same time was their abject superstition, that they were accustomed at their general meetings to offer adoration to a wooden head with a great beard. Their impiety seems to have been at once the most daring, the most purposeless, and the most irreconcilable, either with their interests, the feelings and habits natural to their profession, or even their other follies and vices, that was ever heard of, and only to be understood, indeed, in its recklessness and inconsistency, on the supposition that it was intended to include every variety of outrage on the common faith which was likely to render it at the same time most revolting if discovered, and most obnoxious to detection. Some of the witnesses, it may be added, even asserted that the devil was wont to appear at the meetings of the order, in the form of a cat, which conversed with the members as they knelt down and worshipped it. This tale, we may be sure, was not the least greedily swallowed of the whole collection.

The accusations, in short, to which the Templars were sacrificed, resemble nothing so much in their general character as the charges on which so many unhappy persons, in our own and other countries, were wont to be condemned to death for the imaginary crimes of sorcery and witchcraft. The parallel holds good also in regard to the manner in which the evidence in both cases was obtained.

The Knights, as soon as they were arrested, were everywhere put to the torture to force them to confess the crimes laid to their charge. Those who were apprehended in Paris were committed for this purpose to the tender mercies of the inquisitor Inbert, the king's confessor, who seems to have been a person not given to any negligent performance of the duties of his office. So severe were the agonies to which he and his assistants subjected their victims, that thirty-six of them died in their hands.—Others, unable to endure such extremity of anguish, confessed anything that was asked of them. Among this latter number, was the Grand Master himself, Jacques Molay, of a noble family of Burgundy, who had been admitted a knight in 1265, and after having distinguished himself in the wars against the infidels, had been, while absent beyond the seas, unanimously elected chief of the order in 1298. He confessed that he had denied his Redeemer, and once trampled on the Cross.

Of those, however, who thus yielded at the moment to the weakness of nature, many soon repented of the treason to their order and to truth, by which they had purchased their release from the rack, and with indignant self-condemnation recanted the confessions which only excruciating pain had wrung from them. No one lamented his pusillanimity more bitterly than the Grand Master. We cannot afford to pursue the series of violent and iniquitous proceedings which were resorted to during a period of nearly two years towards the unfortunate knights who in the different towns of the kingdom had survived the first havoc of the torturers, and who all this while lay loaded with irons in their dungeons, the king drawing their revenues. At last a commission appointed to try them met at Paris on the 7th of August, 1309. On the 30th of November, the Grand Master, being brought before this tribunal, declared his intention of standing on his defence. "Although I do not conceal from myself," he added, "the difficulty of the task I undertake, a prisoner as I am in the hands of the pope and of the king, and without even the smallest sum of money wherewith to defray the necessary expenses of such a process." On the following day, Tonsand de Gisi was brought forward, another of the knights who had confessed the truth of the allegations brought against the fraternity. "Do you mean to defend the order?" asked the commissioner. "I do," answered De Gisi: "the imputation which has been cast upon us of denying Jesus Christ, of trampling upon his cross, and of committing infamous immoralities at our meetings, and all the other accusations to which we have been subjected, are false. If I myself, or other knights, have made confessions before the Bishop of Paris, or elsewhere, we have betrayed the truth, we have yielded to fear, to danger, or to violence. We were tortured by Hexian de Beziens, the Prior of Montfaucon, and by the monk William Robert, our enemies. Many of the prisoners agreed among themselves to make these confessions to avoid death, and because thirty-six knights had died under the torture at Paris, besides a great number in other places. As for me, I am ready to defend the order, in my own name, and in the name of all those who shall make common cause with me, if from the property of the order there be allowed me wherewithal to defray the necessary expense." He then demanded the assistance of counsel whom he named, and laid on the table a list of persons whom he regarded as the enemies of himself and his brethren, and consequently as unfit to judge them or to be heard against them. It comprised only our or five individuals, at the head of whom stood the two monks who had presided over his sufferings on the rack, and of whose energetic practice on that occasion their patient naturally had retained a vivid recollection. "Were you put to the torture?" asked the Commissioners. "Yes," he replied, "three months before the confession which I made to the bishop. They had tied my

hands behind my back with such tightness that the blood was almost oozing through the nails; I was left for an hour in this state in a dungeon." At a subsequent meeting of the commission, another knight, Bernard de Vado, said, "I was tortured so terribly, and held so long before a burning fire, that the flesh on the soles of my feet was consumed, and these two bones which I now lay before you were detached."

The number of knights who presented themselves to intimate their readiness to defend the order, having at last risen to nine hundred, seventy-five were selected to undertake that task; and on the 11th of April, 1310, the trial was formally commenced. It was continued by a succession of adjournments to Monday the 11th of May, up to the evening of which day fourteen witnesses had been examined. But by this time the king seems to have come to the conclusion that a process such as this was not the best mode of ensuring the success of his scheme. On that night the brother of the Chancellor Marigny, who had been recently appointed to the archbishopric of Sens, gave orders for the seizure of fifty-four of the knights appointed to conduct the defence of the order. They were all of the number of those who had formerly made confession of the crimes imputed to them, and had since retracted that avowal. On this pretext they were now designated by the archbishop "relapsed heretics," and condemned by him to the flames. Next day the sentence thus passed upon them was carried into execution; they were burned in a field behind the abbey of St. Antoine. After they had arrived on the ground, their lives and their freedom were offered to them if they would repent their former confession; but although assailed by the imploring prayers of their friends and relations, and with the torches which were to kindle their fires of martyrdom blazing before their eyes, not one of them could be moved a second time to purchase a prolongation of his days, or an exemption from bodily torment, by falsehood and self-degradation. They died invoking God and the saints, chanting hymns, and with their last breath protesting their innocence from the midst of the flames. Even the spectators, prejudiced as they were against them, could not behold their sufferings and their noble endurance without giving utterance to their admiration and sympathy, mingled with murmurs of indignation against their destroyers.

This terrible example had, to a great degree, the effect intended. Forty-four knights immediately retracted their plea of not guilty. They, along with all the others who acknowledged the crimes imputed to them, were classed as reconciled, set at liberty, and in many cases rewarded. Such as had all along persisted in refusing to confess were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Meanwhile, the course which had been pursued at Paris with regard to those denominated relapsed heretics was imitated in other parts of the kingdom; and numbers perished in different places by the same cruel death which had been experienced by the victims of the Archbishop of Sens. The commissioners themselves seem to have been astounded by these proceedings; and on the 21st of May they adjourned their sittings till the 3d of November. When they re-assembled on that day, and made the usual proclamation, that all who were willing to defend the order should present themselves, no one appeared. They continued, however, to receive the depositions of witnesses till the 26th of May, 1311. Several of the knights who were dragged before them had still the courage to persist in their asseverations of innocence; but all the most intrepid members of the order having been by this time destroyed, while such among those still languishing in their dungeons as it was apprehended might prove the most troublesome to deal with were not allowed the privilege of appearing to offer their testimony, it is no wonder that the greater number of the persons examined gave such evidence as suited the views of the managers of the prosecution, and secured their own safety. The number of witnesses in all was 231, of whom about 150 were knights, who confessed in whole or in part the crimes charged against the order. It is not too much to say, however, that the records of criminal procedure scarcely present anything more deplorable than these examinations. The witnesses manifest the internal struggle between fear and remorse under which they are writhing, by such contradictions, and other signs of perturbation, reluctance, and apprehension of blundering in their invented tale, as are sufficient, independently even of the absurdity of their statements, to divest them of all claim to belief.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

"The earth being a magnetic body, as the polarity of the magnetic needle clearly proves, it became very interesting to ascertain whether, if a magnetic body contained free electricity, there would be any peculiarity in the discharge of this electricity. To decide this point, I suspended a cylindrical magnet by a fibre of silk, and charged it highly; being in the dark, I unintentionally approached my body within a short distance of the instrument, when it wheeled towards me, and a discharge took place, which struck me as being very remarkable: for, instead of the ordinary electric discharge, the electricity flashed from the extremity of the magnet, in diverging radii, at an angle of about 45 deg. with its axis. It was, then, highly probable that the magnetism of the cylinder was a determining cause of the peculiarity of this discharge. This result encouraged me to proceed further. I procured a globe of steel, 0.076 in. in diameter, and magnetised it. It may not be unnecessary to state how this was effected. I suspended the globe upon an axis, and by a multiplying wheel and pulley set it in rapid rotation; while rotating, I made the magnetising bars traverse from the equator of the globe to the poles. I then tested it with a proof-needle, and found it to be regularly and perfectly magnetised. The next object was to place the magnetic globe in similar electric circumstances to those which I conceived the earth to be in. Regarding that region of the atmosphere immediately over the torrid zone as the principal seat of atmospheric electricity, I conceived that if I surrounded the globe with a ring that would bear an approximate proportion to the globe that this region of the atmosphere does to the earth, and electrised them oppositely, that the action of the electricity of the ring upon the air immediately enveloping the globe would place them in nearly similar electric circumstances to those of the earth. If, then, the aurora were an electric phenomenon, that is, a discharge of free electricity taking place from the pole of the earth, rendering the vortex, which I supposed to be immediately over the pole, luminous from the great rarefaction of the air within it, and passing over our atmosphere to the stratum of the equatorial region, I thought, as I could increase the electric intensity of my artificial terrella to any extent I pleased, an analogous effect would be produced. This result followed with the greatest precision, as I shall now describe. I insulated the ring, and connecting it with the resinous conductor of the rheo-electric machine; I also insulated the globe, and connected one of its poles with the vitreous conductor, and placed it so that its equator was surrounded by the ring. These bodies being electrised differently, and at a very short distance from one another, one would expect that a discharge would have taken place between them: instead of that, they at once reacted upon one another; so that the exterior of the ring being resinous, the interior became vitreous, the equator of the globe resinous, and both its poles highly vitreous, and a truly beautiful and luminous

discharge took place from the unconnected pole. The state of the atmosphere has a remarkable effect upon the appearance of this discharge. One evening that the atmosphere was very dense, it had the appearance of a ring of light, the upper part of which was very brilliant, and the under part, towards the globe, was comparatively dark; just as we see at the bottom of ignited vapour, and indeed a vapour of some kind seemed to be ascending from the globe. Above the ring, all round the axis were foliated diverging flames, one behind the other, much like the leaves of the capital of a Corinthian column. When the atmosphere is very dry, it has merely the appearance of a beautiful electric brush. If, while this auroral light is taking place, the globe be moved towards any point of the interior of the ring, a discharge takes place directly in the line of shortest distance between them, and then there is a partial intermission of the auroral light. I now submit that the experiment I have detailed points out the true cause of aurora borealis. . . . My next endeavour was to ascertain whether, with a more magnetic body, the same effects would be produced. I then placed a wooden globe of the same diameter in exactly the same circumstances, when no discharge from the pole could be produced; on the contrary, the electricity streamed out in all directions from the equator of the wooden globe towards the interior of the ring; but when I coated the surface of the wooden globe with metal, the discharge took place from the pole. The inference from these experiments would be, that either a metallic surface is necessary to the production of the effect, or a body of diminishing density."

Mr. J. Nott.

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but Lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather passed extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there.

Now, in the time I speak of every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex: and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you're not married, Pat?" says she.

"Divil an inch! your honour's ladyship," says he.

"And, wouldn't ye like to be married?" again asks she.

"Would a duck swim?"

"Is there any one you'd prefer?"

"Maybe, madam," says he "you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile! Her father's cousin to O'Donaghew, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—"

"Hush!" says she; "sure I don't want to know who she is. But, would she have you, if you asked her?"

"Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after trying that same."

"And why don't you?"

"Sure I'm too poor." And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"

"Does a dog bark?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell ye?"

"Mille murthers! your honour, don't be tantalizing a poor boy."

"Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor divil like Pat Philan."

"Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," says Lady C. "After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife."

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go, and marry her."

"That's thrue," says he. "But, thin, the bigamy?"

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story."

"Divil a word I'll iver say."

"Well, then," says she; "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the licence?" says she.

"Here it is, my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

"Perform the ceremony," says she.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband, of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure enough, I forgot to tell you that he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where's your husband?"

"There, sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:—

"Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses."

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i' faith, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."

ON GRECIAN LITERATURE.

Notes of a Series of Lectures delivered before the Under-graduates of Columbia College, New-York, by Charles Anthon, L. L. D.—[Continued.]

GREEK ORATORS.

Oratory is said to have originated and been perfected in Athens, but the theory of the art to have been invented in Sicily. Solon's law was peculiarly favourable for the cultivation of public speaking, according to which ordinance the herald was to demand on all public occasions whether any individual wished to harangue the people, "*τις αγορευειν βουλεται*;" extemporaneous effusions are said to have ceased when the historians began to insert studied harangues into their works, and the art of Rhetoric then began to receive more attention. Coran was the first instructor in rhetoric, and opened his school in Sicily. His pupils were Tisias and Empedocles. Gorgias of Leontium, a scholar of Empedocles, first brought the art of rhetoric to Athens. He came to the latter city to obtain aid against Syracuse, and becoming a great favourite, was induced to remain there for a considerable time. He would seem to have been a very showy and rhythmical writer, but not remarkable for any richness of ideas. Only two of his declamations have reached us.

The ten Attic Orators, as they are called, are settled by the canon of the Alexandrian grammarians. Antiphon, the first of the number, was a native of Attica, and pupil of Gorgias. He is said to have been the first who applied the principles of rhetoric to judicial and political topics. He has hence been called the inventor of rhetoric, but it would be more correct to say that he was the inventor of political eloquence. After completing his course with Gorgias he opened a school himself, and had Thucydides among his pupils. Antiphon composed many discourses for others, and spoke himself only once in public, on an accusation of treason. This charge had been brought against him for his conduct while in command during the Peloponnesian war, and he was convicted and condemned to death. We have fifteen of his harangues remaining, twelve of them, however, are rather studies than harangues. He is said to have been clear and persuasive, but to have wanted energy and vivacity. The corrupt state, however, of his text produces much obscurity for us. Three of his discourses are on criminal matters, and are valuable as containing the forms of criminal proceedings at Athens.

2. Andocides is the second of the number. We have four of his discourses remaining, and he appears to have spoken merely in his own affairs. He was at first the commander of a fleet in the war between the Corinthians and Corcyreans. Being afterwards accused of having defaced the hermæ in company with Alcibiades, he escaped death by denouncing his accomplices. He died, however, after all in exile. The discourses of Andocides are valuable, not so much for any great talent they displayed, as for the light which they throw on the history of his times.

3. Lysias, the third of the ten, was the son of a native of Syracuse, who had become a sojourner at Athens. At the age of 15, he went in the colony which the Athenians sent to found a city on the ruins of Sybaris. Lysias studied rhetoric under Tisias in Syracuse, and took part afterwards in the government of Thusium, the city which had been founded by the colony just mentioned, until he was 50 years of age. Being then exiled as a partisan of Athens, he retired to that city and settled there. He was afterwards compelled to flee from the 30 tyrants to the city of Magara, but eventually joined Thrasybulus, aided in restoring freedom to Athens, and ended his days there. Photius speaks of 233 harangues of Lysias. We have at the present day only 34 remaining, and all of the judicial or legal kind. Lysias is remarkable for his clearness and method, and his style is distinguished by an evenness of tone, by purity, perspicuity, and graceful ease. He would have been in fact an accomplished orator, had he possessed the force of Demosthenes. Lysias is by no means fond of ornament. The most finished specimen of his eloquence is the funeral oration delivered in memory of those who fell under Iphicrates.

4. Isocrates was a native of Athens, and pupil of Gorgias. Being reluctant to appear in public in consequence of a weak voice and constitutional timidity,

he opened a school of rhetoric, in which he met with very brilliant success. Among his pupils were Isæus, Lycurgus, Hyperides, and Demosthenes, a circumstance which induced Cicero to compare his school to the Trojan horse. Isocrates took no active part in public affairs, and destroyed himself by starvation after the battle of Cheronea, being unable to endure the disgrace of his country. He derived great emoluments from his writings, obtaining for example 20 talents, nearly \$20,000 for a speech composed for Nicocles, king of Cyprus. He was an intimate friend of Plato, and entertained great veneration for the character of Socrates, being the only one who had the courage to wear mourning on the death of that philosopher. He gave another proof also of his firmness in defending Theramenes, who had been proscribed by the 30 tyrants. Isocrates is remarkable for his polished style, and for the harmonious structure of his sentences. He occupied so much time in correcting and polishing as to publish in fact very little. His "Panegyric" for example, took him ten years to compose. He is censured by the ancient critics for too much ornament, for aiming too much at pleasing the ear, and for making the sense subservient to the sound. He often introduces likewise unmeaning expressions for the mere purpose evidently of rounding off his periods. His speeches too seem to be all composed after one and the same model, which is productive consequently of great weariness on the part of the reader. There were 60 orations that went under his name in the time of Plutarch, but not one half of these were deemed genuine. Twenty-one now remain, the most remarkable of which is the "Πανηγυρικός Λόγος." It was pronounced at the Olympic games, and the object of the speaker was to induce the Greeks to unite in a common cause against the king of Persia. "The discourse to Demonicus," which is nothing more than a collection of precepts, is now considered of doubtful authenticity. Isocrates died in his 98th year.

5. *Isæus* was a native of Chalcis in Boeotia. He came to Athens in early life, and studied under Lysias and Isocrates, while he himself at a later period, was one of the teachers of Demosthenes. His style resembles that of Lysias, although he wants in some degree his simplicity and adherence to nature. He understands, however, better than Lysias, the art of arranging a discourse and is said to have been more successful in arousing the passions. Eleven of his orations remain. They are all of a legal nature, turning upon questions of inheritance and possessions, and being hence called "Λόγοι Κληρονομικαί."

Sir William Jones has published a valuable translation of these speeches. His version, however, embraces only ten; the eleventh having been only discovered in 1785.

6. *Æschines* was a native of Athens, and 16 years older than Demosthenes. He makes himself to have sprung from a distinguished family, but this is denied by Demosthenes, and the latter is probably correct, since we have only a weak reply from his oratorical rival. *Æschines* was at first a clerk to one of the inferior magistrates. He then joined a company of tragedians, but was trusted only with third rate characters. He must have possessed, however, strong natural talents to become so eminent as he did, since nature appears to have been his principal instructor. It was long before he became known as a public speaker, and he was advanced in life when he first took part in public affairs. His hostility to Philip first brought him into notice, and he boasted of having been the first who discovered the ambitious designs of that monarch, but his views were soon changed by the gold of Macedon, and he became a warm and devoted partisan of that king. From this period he and Demosthenes were open antagonists. Their most famous controversy was on the trial of Ctesiphon in relation to the crown, which the latter had proposed should be given by public decree to Demosthenes, in consequence of his public services. *Æschines* was defeated and banished, and is said to have been followed by Demosthenes with offers of aid as he was departing from the city. He retired to Rhodes where he opened a school of eloquence, and commenced by reading the two orations delivered by himself and his rival. His own was highly applauded, that of Demosthenes still more so, and *Æschines* is said to have remarked to his auditors when their admiration had ceased, "Ah! but what would you have said if you had heard that wild beast himself!" "π' αὐ λέγοιτε εἰ τὸν θῆριον ἐκεῖνον ἴκονσασε." He subsequently transferred his school to Samos, and died there at the age of 75 years. We have only three of his orations remaining, and it is probable that these were the only productions of his in existence, even at an early period, since Photius speaks of the "graces of *Æschines*." The most celebrated of these is the one against Ctesiphon. As an orator, *Æschines* is remarkable for order, clearness, and precision. His eloquence consisted principally in a happy flow of words, clearness of ideas, and an air of great ease. He is more insinuating than Demosthenes, but not so forcible and convincing. The figures of *Æschines* are finer, those of Demosthenes bolder. The oratory of Demosthenes shows a more sustained effort, while that of *Æschines* is characterized by vivid but momentary flashes of eloquence. Twelve epistles of *Æschines* have also come down to us. Photius, however, makes only nine, which he calls the "Muses of *Æschines*."

7. *Lycurgus* was a native of Athens, and pupil of Isocrates. He appears to have been a good patriot and a man of integrity, and to have been intimate with Demosthenes, whose principles he followed in public affairs. He died at the age of more than 80, leaving behind him no property, and his children were in consequence educated at the public expense. We have only one of his remaining, against Leocrates. His eloquence appears to have been the fruits rather of nature than of art. The name of Lycurgus occurs in the dramatic history of antiquity as the author of a decree that an authenticated copy of the tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, be deposited in the public archives.

8. *Hyperides* was a native of Athens, and friend of Demosthenes. He became, however, the accuser of the latter, when that individual was charged with receiving gold from the emissaries of the king of Persia, but was subsequently reconciled to him. *Hyperides* was put to death by Antipater at the same time

when Demosthenes lost his life. He ranked as third after Demosthenes and *Æschines*. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, praises his strength, simplicity, and method. We have no oration of his remaining.

9. *Dinarchus* was a native of Corinth, but resided at Athens. He obtained a high reputation in this latter city, but only when Demosthenes and *Hyperides* passed away. We have three of his discourses remaining.

10. *Demosthenes*, was the most celebrated orator of all antiquity. He lost his father, a rich manufacturer of arms, at the early age of seven years, was defrauded by his guardians of the greater part of his property, and his early education for the same reason was much neglected. He was a pupil of Plato and Euclid of Megara, and according to some of Isocrates also. Others inform us that not being able to pay the requisite fee he merely studied the treatise on Rhetoric composed by the latter philosopher. When he came of age he took Isæus for a teacher and studied four years under his direction. At the age of 17 he made his first appearance before a public tribunal, and accused his guardians of embezzlement, on which occasion he pronounced five discourses partly against them and partly against certain debtors of his father's estate. The accusation was a very successful one, and the young orator received great encomiums for these his first efforts. It is more than probable, however, that he received very important aid in the preparation of these speeches from his master Isæus, since we find that when encouraged by his first success he undertook to appear a second time before the people, he failed completely in consequence of his feeble voice, ungraceful manner, and poor style. Being encouraged, however, by the actor Satyrus, he resolved to devote his utmost attention to the correcting of the natural defects under which he laboured, constructed a subterranean study, and practised a variety of expedients to overcome the faults of his manner and style. Among other things he copied over completely the orations contained in the history of Thucydides. He appeared once more in public at the age of twenty-five, and pronounced two discourses against Leptines, the second of which is considered a masterpiece of its kind. Demosthenes, after this, became actively engaged at the Athenian bar, and derived from this his principal means of support. Owing to the sternness of his character he seems to have been less reluctant than Cicero to appear as accuser. His chief glory however was derived from his political discourses. When he commenced his career, the Athenian State had become a mere wreck. Public spirit was at the lowest ebb, and luxury and corruption every where triumphant. The great object of Demosthenes was to arouse his countrymen to feelings of true patriotism. He perceived the ambitious designs of Philip, and his whole public career had only one object in view, viz., to prevent their accomplishment. He opposed this monarch for the space of 14 years, and these 14 years form the brightest period in his character, although his fame was somewhat tarnished by the cowardice which he displayed at the battle of Cheronea. A golden crown was afterwards voted to him for his having contributed to defray the expenses attendant upon the repairing of the wall of Athens, and this mark of public honour gave rise to the famous controversy between him and *Æschines*. We find him afterwards bribed by Harpalus, a Macedonian governor, who had come to Athens for protection. He was condemned for this and imprisoned, but escaped from confinement and was subsequently restored to his country on the death of Alexander. A new league was then formed among the Grecian States through the agency of Demosthenes, in order to oppose the Macedonian power. This object, however, was defeated by Antipater, who compelled the Athenians as one of the conditions of peace, to deliver up their orators. Demosthenes, upon this, fled to the island of Calauria, off the coast of Argolis, and ended his days by taking poison in the temple of Neptune. He was at the period of his death 66 years of age.—The oratory of Demosthenes is characterized by great strength, clearness, dignity, and elegance. His style is severe and simple in its ornaments, laboured, and yet vehement; the best proof, however, of his success as an orator is his swaying at pleasure a populace so fickle as the Athenians were, for so long a period of time. We have sixty-one orations remaining, and, beside these, sixty-five introductions. The orations are divided into three classes; 1st., *Deliberative*, discussing political topics, seventeen in number; 2nd., *Judicial*, turning on questions of accusation or defence, and forty-two in number; 3rd., *Studied or Set Speeches*, involving censure or praise, and two in number. The *Oration for the Crown* is regarded, however, as the most perfect specimen of ancient eloquence. The "*Philippics*" are so called from their object being to incite the Athenians against Philip of Macedon, and the "*Olynthiacs*" derive their name from the circumstance of Demosthenes advocating in them the lending of aid to the people of Olynthus against the same power. Besides the Orations we have six letters remaining, written by Demosthenes during exile, five of which are addressed to the Athenian people.

Plato was born B.C. 429. He was by descent an Athenian, but the place of his birth was the island of Egina, where his father, Aristo, resided after that island became subject to Athens. His own name was Aristocles. The appellation of Plato was subsequently given him, it is said, from the breadth of his shoulders. He is falsely said to have been descended from Solon on the mother's side, and on that of his father from Codrus. In early life he is said to have attended to poetry, and to have actually composed an epic from which, however, on comparing it with that of Homer, he committed it to the flames. He is said also to have written a dramatic piece, and to have given it to the performers to be represented on the stage, but happening on the day before the exhibition to hear a discourse from Socrates, he was so charmed by the language and manner of that individual, as to abandon poetic composition and turn his whole attention to philosophy. This was at the age of twenty, and he continued to attend upon Socrates as a pupil for the space of eight years or more. During this period he frequently displeased Socrates and his fellow disciples by intermingling foreign tenets with those of his masters. Still, however, he was a great admirer of that great philosopher, and attempted to defend him before

his judges, but was not allowed to proceed. He attended him also in prison, and was present at a conversation which that philosopher held with his friends, concerning the immortality of the soul, the substance of which he afterwards committed to writing in the dialogue entitled "*Phædo*," not, however, without interweaving his own opinions and language. On the death of Socrates he withdrew to Megara along with his fellow disciples, where he was hospitably entertained by Euclid, under whom he studied the art of reasoning. He travelled afterwards for improvement, and first visited the East, especially Egypt, assuming the character of a merchant or oil vender, for safety's sake. He could not, however, have learnt much from the Egyptians. He is thought, indeed, by some, to have acquired among that people his doctrines respecting the origin of the world, the metempsychosis, and the immortality of the soul, but it was difficult, at all times, to gain access to the mysteries of the Egyptian priests, and it would have been particularly so in the case of a travelling merchant. Many of the Christian fathers thought that Plato had derived his philosophy from the Hebrews, and he is supposed to have become acquainted with their doctrines during his residence in Egypt. There appears, however, no foundation for this belief, especially since no Greek version of the Scriptures existed before the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. After visiting the East, Plato travelled into Italy where he became acquainted with the subtleties of the Pythagorean sect. Many of the doctrines were blended by him with those of Socrates, and he is thought to have acquired here his notions about the origin of the world, and the transmigration of souls. He had learnt mathematics and astronomy in the Cynætic School under Theodorus. On his return home he settled at Athens, where he opened a school of philosophy. The place of which he made choice for this purpose was a public grove, called the Academy, within the precincts of which he possessed a small estate. Plato set a high value on mathematical studies, viewing them as a necessary preparation for higher speculations, and the inscription over the door of his school was, "*οὐδὲν ἀγέμετρον εἰσέρω*." Plato was in high esteem with several princes, especially with Archelaus of Macedonia, and Dionysius of Syracuse. He paid three several visits to the island of Sicily and endeavoured, but in vain, to subdue the tyrannical spirit of Dionysius. Plato died in his 79th or, according to others, his 81st year.

His style is remarkable for its flowing rhythm and poetical character, and Cicero observes that if Jupiter were to speak in the Greek tongue he would borrow the style of Plato, and Aristotle describes him as a middle species of diction, between prose and poetry. Occasionally, however, he is turgid and obscure. The same irregularity that is apparent in his style may be observed in his conceptions, he is pleasing while he adheres to the school of Socrates, but obscure and abstruse when he leans towards the doctrines of Pythagoras. We have 35 dialogues, generally ascribed to Plato, and 13 epistles, or 56 dialogues, if we count each book of the Republic and Laws separately. The literary life of Plato may be divided into four periods, the first ends with the death of Socrates and reaches to Plato's 30th year; the second extends to the founding of the Academy, reaching nearly to his 40th year; the third embraces the maturity of his life, comprising 20 years; the fourth in his old age, 20 years. Among the dialogues composed by him during the first of these periods may be mentioned the "*Crito*" and "*Phædon*," to which may be added the "*Defence of Socrates*." Among the works composed by him during the fourth period may be enumerated the Letters, the Laws, the *Timæus*, and *Critias*. His Republic was composed during the prime of his life.

The "*Protagoras*." This is one of the best of Plato's dialogues. It is aimed at the Sophists, and derives its appellation from a celebrated philosopher of this class. The Sophists are described in it as altogether unfit either to impart a knowledge of virtue to others or to inspire them with the desire of practising it.

The "*Phædrus*, or concerning Beauty." This is a continuation of the former. In the first dialogue Socrates proved the Sophists to be bad guides to virtue, and in this their rhetoric is shown to be futile and visionary. The basis of the arguments is a discourse on beauty by Lysias, who had just left the school of the Sophists. This dialogue is filled with poetry, and the speech of Socrates is almost a continual parody on Homer.

The "*Gorgias*," or concerning Rhetoric. The object of this dialogue is to show the danger of rhetoric in a political point of view. Plato here attacks not only the Sophists but the calumniators of Socrates generally. The ordinary mode of question and answer is not pursued in this dialogue; Socrates utters connected discourses, and what is still more unusual, in place of merely stating doubts, he expresses his sentiments in clear and direct terms.

The "*Phædon*." This is one of the most famous of Plato's dialogues, and the subject is the immortality of the soul. Socrates undertakes to prove, in this conversation, the immortality of the soul by its spirituality, and we have here the full traces of a demonstration which modern philosophy, under the guidance of revelation, has carried to so successful a result. The doctrine here assigned to Socrates is more or less blended with the Pythagorean dogmas about the metempsychosis. The arguments are as follows:—

1. In nature all things terminate in their contraries; sleep for example in waking, and so life in death and death in life.
2. The soul is a simple indivisible substance, and therefore incapable of dissolution.
3. Its objects are spiritual and incorruptible; therefore, its nature is so likewise.
4. All our knowledge is only reminiscence. As the soul therefore must have existed before this life, it is probable it will exist after it.
5. Life is only the conjunction of the soul with the body; death is, therefore, nothing more than their separation.
6. Whatever is the principle of motion must be incapable of destruction.

"*Theætetus*," or concerning Science. The doctrine maintained in this dia-

logue is that the mind is employed either upon things which it comprehends by itself, and which are simple and invariable, or upon those which are subject to the senses, and liable to fluctuation and change. The contemplation of the former produces science, of the latter opinion. The seat of the perception and memory is compared to a tablet or picture. This the mind contemplates, and hence forms opinions.

"*Politicus*," or on the art of Governing. This dialogue contains Plato's ideas of God's providence with the government of the world. He ascribes to the Deity power and wisdom sufficient for its formation and preservation, and also the attribute of goodness which inclines him to desire the happiness of the universe, and to produce this as far as the refractory nature of matter will allow. This dialogue contains also Plato's opinion respecting different forms of government. He prefers the rule of a single person. We meet, in the course of this production, with a singular oriental "mythus," according to which the Deity tests at certain periods, and abandons to chance the government of the world.

"*Cratylus*," or concerning the correct use of Words. This dialogue was written in ridicule of the etymologies adopted by the Sophists, who made them the bases of arguments, and maintained that a perfect accordance exists between every thing in nature and the name by which it is known. The dialogue is full of keen irony and contains many specimens of Platonic, that is, pretended etymology: e. g. Ζεύς from ζῶω as the fountain of life: θεός from θέω to place, referring to the Deity as creator: Δαίμων quasi Δαίμων a being who knows more than man: ἥρως, a hero from εἰπεῖν to speak, meaning a speaker, i. e. a Sophist: σῶμα the body, from σῆμα a tomb, i. e. the grave or tomb of the soul. These etymologies are often mistaken in modern times for serious specimens of derivation, especially that of ἀνθρώπος from ἄνθρω and θεωρεῖν, one who contemplates things above.

"*Philebus*." The subject of this dialogue is the chief good of man, and this consists, according to Plato, in the contemplation and knowledge of the "first good." The first good is mind or God. Goodness and beauty consist in the knowledge of the "first good and the first fair," and the knowledge of the first good consists in prudence, justice, sanctity, and temperance.

"*Banquet*," or concerning Love. The love of virtue is the only true and imperishable source of beauty, or of, what is called in Platonic language, the *το κάλον*.

"*Republic*," or concerning what is just. The object of this dialogue is to give not so much an idea of a perfect government as to unfold the mystery of perfect justice. The high and perfect justice, the notion of which Plato endeavours here to penetrate, exists, not only in individuals, but on a grander scale, in the body politic, and Plato's idea of justice is very analogous to Hooker's celebrated definition of law.

"*Timæus* or concerning Nature. In this dialogue Critias relates the tradition of the lost Atlantis, after which Timæus develops his system concerning God, the origin and nature of the world, man, and animals. This production is tinged in some degree with Pythagorean notions, and Plato is supposed to have followed in it the work of Timæus of Locri, which we still possess. He views matter as eternally co-existing with God, and supposes two eternal and independent causes, that by which all things are made, which is God, and that from which all are made, which is matter. He assigns to matter a blind and refractory force from which arises a propensity to disorder and deformity. As matter resists the will of the Supreme Architect, he cannot execute his designs perfectly, and this is the cause of all the imperfection in the works of God and of the origin of evil. God is the origin of all spiritual being. He has no beginning nor end: his existence is to be inferred from the marks of intelligence around us in the universe; and he is perceptible only by the mind. The divine reason is the eternal region or reservoir of the ideas, forms, or archetypes of all things. These ideas flow from the fountain of the divine essence, and in the formation of the visible world, were by the energy of the efficient cause united to matter, in order to produce sensible bodies. The whole universe, therefore, is merely one conception formed in the Divine Mind. God formed the material world after a perfect archetype which had eternally subsisted in his reason and ended it with a soul. This soul Plato supposed to be a third principle in nature, being not eternal, but produced, or in other words compounded of intelligence and matter, deriving the superior part of its nature from the Divine reason whence it emanated, and the inferior part from matter.

Plato made this the animating principle of the universe, pervading and adorning all things; Plato's trinity, therefore, if it be at all deserving the name, was composed of God, the Divine reason, and the soul of the universe. The soul of man is derived by emanation from God. This emanation, however, is not immediate, but is made through the soul of the world, which is itself debased by material admixture. The soul of man, therefore, is inferior to the soul of the world, and since it partakes of matter it has within it the seeds of evil. Hence, according to Plato, the origin of moral evil.

"*Critias*," or the *Atlantic*. This dialogue is a continuation of the *Timæus*, and gives the story of the lost Atlantis more in detail. It contains an account of the laws, manners, and institutions of the people of Atlantis, and may be regarded as a mere political romance.

"*The Laws*" are in twelve books, and in them Plato traces the basis of a legislation more conformable to human weakness, and less ideal than that contained in his Republic.

"*Menon*." In this dialogue the main question is, how is virtue acquired? This involving another, viz., what virtue is? Virtue, according to Plato, consists in a knowledge of the true good. The knowledge is derived originally from the Divine Mind by participation, and is strengthened and enlarged by right discipline and the contemplation of the Divine Nature. A divine portion or, to use the language of Plato, *θεῖα ποῖπα* is always given to the higher order of minds.

"*First Alcibiades.*" The subject of this dialogue is the knowledge of one's self considered as the principal of all perfection and of all science, especially to political. It derives its name from Alcibiades who, when young and presumptuous, without knowledge and without experience, is on the point of appearing before the people to be employed in the government of the state, and is checked by Socrates.

"*Second Alcibiades.*" This is not a dialogue of Plato. The subject is as follows: Without the knowledge of what is truly useful, every other kind of knowledge proves injurious. Thus, if we know not what we ought to ask of the gods we may pray for what is really injurious and evil.

"*Charmides*" or concerning Wisdom. This dialogue contains a refutation of several definitions of wisdom, and among these to one which makes wisdom consist in the knowledge of one's self. Hence it appears to clash with the *First Alcibiades*, but the truth is no serious definition is meant to be given here.

"*Defence of Socrates.*" This was written after the death of that philosopher, and was intended as a monument to his memory. It combines simplicity with modesty and truth, which is precisely the tone adopted by Socrates in addressing his judges. Dionysius of Halicarnassus calls it an eulogium under the form of an apology.

"*Crito*," or on the *Duty of a Citizen.* The scene of this dialogue is laid in prison. Crito urges Socrates to flee, and the latter maintains that it is the duty of a good citizen to obey the laws. This dialogue is considered by some not to have been a production of Plato. —[*To be concluded.*]

CAMPBELL'S EXCURSIONS IN CEYLON.

AN ESCAPE FROM AN ELEPHANT.—On the fourth day he saw, through some tall trees, with but little brushwood growing under them, in the direction he was about to take, three elephants, quietly feeding, one of them very much smaller than the others. The latter, quickly perceiving him, though he contrived to conceal himself, first went towards the two old ones, and then, turning suddenly round, ran, as if in play, after him. He, therefore, made off as fast as he could, looking on every side in hopes of seeing some tree which he could ascend; but not one presented itself fit for his purpose, none of their branches being low enough for him to grasp. Thus running, and not being, in his haste, sufficiently cautious, down he fell, just before his young and frolicsome pursuer, which stopped short upon seeing him lying on the ground, stared at him for a moment, then approached nearer, touched him with its trunk, turned him gently over and over before him, and felt and smelt him again and again. All this time the terrified wight's greatest fear was, that the inquisitive beast would put his large and seemingly heavy foot upon him, (for he was more than half-grown,) and thus finish him at once, as a kitten would put a mouse out of pain when tired of playing with it. Neither of the old ones having, however, as yet come up, or taken any notice of their hopeful's amusement, but, on the contrary, continued feeding about two hundred yards off, upon the leaves of a tree, it struck the poor fellow, who had in some measure recovered his senses, that the best thing he could do was, to spring up suddenly and shout as loudly as he possibly could and then endeavour to make off. His doing so completely startled the young elephant, and sent it back, bellowing, towards the others, when all three of them rushed after him, breaking or bending the smaller trees and brushwood, as well as everything else that obstructed their course. Fear lending him speed, he was soon able to leave them behind; and, after a long run, arriving, completely exhausted and out of breath, at the place where, the evening before, he had procured the cocoa-nuts, he there, without loss of time, and still impressed with the terror which his rencontre with the elephants had occasioned, got up into a tree, and remained in it for some minutes, until he felt that he was again able to continue his laborious journey.

BAFFLING A BEAR.—After several strange adventures and very narrow escapes from buffaloes, gigantic elephants &c., (but how he had succeeded in doing so he could not well tell) he now perceived through the trees two large black objects, moving in the very narrow path just before him; and here he had again no alternative but, if possible, to pass in the same way that he had passed the elephants. They soon saw or heard him; and, to his horror, he found himself in a moment almost within the grasp of two large terrific bears, which instantly made at him, and in so furious a manner, that he had scarcely time to call upon God to save him! By some means or other he eluded the hug of the first bear: but he was hopeless of being able to avoid or escape from the claws of the second, when a kind of impulse, for which he could not account, caused him to raise his arm, and to aim a blow at the monster with the bottle which he still held in his hand. This, striking against the teeth of the animal, was dashed to pieces with a great crash, and the brandy flying into the mouth and eyes of the astonished bear, so frightened him, as well as his companion, that, growling loudly, they both made off into the jungle.

GARDENING IN CEYLON.—I often practised taking off large branches from some kinds of trees so as to form new ones, according to the Eastern plan, by causing water continually to drop upon matting bound round part of a branch, into which a sufficient incision has been made, and where, in a short time, a good root is formed. The branch is then entirely sawed off, and, being planted in the place intended for it, we have at once a handsome tree of the same kind, producing the same fruit or blossoms from which it was taken.

CINGALESE IDEA OF SPORT.—Whilst I remained at Bovegodde I had excellent sport, and shot quantities of water-fowl of various kinds, such as wild ducks, teal, or widgeon. The obliging Coral, who sometimes accompanied me, one day told me, that, if I would allow him, he could conduct me to a place where I might rely upon excellent sport. Of course I consented to go with him; and just before sunset, he brought me to a place where the lake becomes so narrow that its banks are connected by one of those strange, high, single-plank bridges, which are to be met with in many parts of Ceylon; and I can assure the reader, that to cross rivers or lakes by means of one of them, especially if they happen to be deep and contain alligators, is very far, indeed, from being an agreeable undertaking. I there found a seat prepared for me, as the Coral had no idea of sport attended with any kind of fatigue. As soon as it began to darken, the numbers of birds, especially water-fowls, which passed through this narrow opening, to roost upon the trees on the banks of the lake, and which flew low and slowly along, were considerable. I, therefore, had little else to do but to sit or stand and fire away until darkness prevented me from any longer seeing the birds. This was more slaughtering, and did not deserve the name of sport, as many of them were brought down almost at my feet. The Coral, however, was highly delighted, and I had to appear to be equally so.

THE GAME UP WITH REPEAL AGITATION.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"The game is up."—Such were the words uttered with a somewhat different intonation, which last month, in speaking of Mr. O'Connell's crusade against the peace of Ireland, we used tentatively, almost doubtfully, but still in the spirit of hope, in reference to the crisis then apparently impending, that the agitation might prolong itself by transmigrating into some other shape, for that case we allowed. But in any result, foremost amongst the auguries of hope was this—that the evil example of Mr. O'Connell's sedition would soon redress itself by a catastrophe not less exemplary. And no consummation could satisfy us as a proper euthanasia of this memorable conspiracy, which should not fasten itself as a moral to the long malice of the agitation growing out of it, as a natural warning, and saying audibly to all future agitators—try not this scheme again, or look for a similar humiliation. Those auguries are, in one sense, accomplished; that consummation substantially is realized. Sedition has, at last, countermined itself, and conspiracy we have seen in effect perishing by its own excesses. Yet still, ingeniously speaking, we cannot claim the merit of a felicitous foresight. That result has come round which we foreboded; but not in that sense which we intended to authorize, nor exactly by those steps which we wished to see. We looked for the extinction of this national scourge by its own inevitable decays; through its own organization we had hoped that the Repeal Association should be confounded; we trusted that an enthusiasm, founded in ignorance, and which, in no one stage, could be said to have prospered, must finally droop spontaneously; and that once having drooped, through mere defect of actions that bore any meaning, or tendencies that offered any promise, by no felicities of intrigue could it ever be revived. Whether we erred in the philosophy of our anticipations, cannot now be known; for, whether wrong or right in theory, in practice our expectation has been abruptly cut short. A *deus et machina* has descended amongst us abruptly, and intercepted the natural evolution of the plot; the executive Government has summarily effected the *peripetia* by means of a *coup d'état*; and the end, such as we augured, has been brought about by means essentially different.

Yet, if thus far we were found in error, would not that argue a corresponding error in the Government? If we, relying on the self-consistency of the executive, and because we relied on that self-consistency, predicted a particular solution for the *modus* of Repeal, which solution has now become impossible; presuming a perseverance in the original policy of ministers, now that its natural fruits were rapidly ripening—whereas, after all, at the eleventh hour we find them adopting that course which, with stronger temptation, they had refused to adopt in the first hour—were this the true portrait of the case, would it be ourselves that erred, or Government?—ourselves in counting on steadiness, or Government in acting with caprice? Meantime, is this the portrait of the case?

That we shall know when Parliament meets; and possibly not before. At present the attempts to explain, to reconcile, and, as it were, to construe the Government system of policy, in first almost neglecting the Irish sedition, and then (after half-a-year's sedentary and distant skirmishing, by means of chancery letters) suddenly, on the 7th day of October, leaping into the arena armed cap-a-pie, dividing themselves like a bomb-shell amongst the conspirators, rending—shattering—pursuing to the right and left;—all attempts, we say, to harmonize that past quiescence (almost acquiescence) with this present demoniac energy, have seemed to the public either false or feeble, or in some way insufficient.

Yes; the game is up! And what now remains is, not to suffer the coming trials to sink into fictions of law—as a *brutum fulmen* of menace, never meant to be realized. Verdicts must be had: judgments must be given: and then a long farewell to the hopes of treason!

Yes, by a double proof the Repeal sedition is at an end: were it not, upon Clontarf being prohibited, the Repealers would have announced some other gathering in some other place. You that say it is not at an end, tell us why did they forbear doing that! Secondly, Mr. O'Connell has substituted for Repeal—what? The miserable, the beggarly petition, for a dependent House of Assembly, an upper sort of "Select Vestry," for Ireland; and that too as a *bonus* from the Parliament of the empire. This reminds us of a capital story related by Mr. Webster, and perhaps within the experience of American statesmen, in reference to the claims of electors upon those candidates whom they have returned to Congress. Such a candidate, having succeeded so far as even to become a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was one day waited on by a man, who reminded him that some part of this eminent success had been due to his vote; and really—Mr. Secretary might think as he pleased—but him it struck, that a "pretty considerable of a debt" was owing in gratitude to his particular exertions. Mr. Secretary bowed. The stranger proceeded—"His ambition was moderate: might he look for the office of postmaster general?" Unfortunately, said the secretary, that office required special experience, and it was at present filled to the satisfaction of the President. "Indeed! that was unhappy; but he was not particular; perhaps the ambassador to London had not yet been appointed?" There, said the secretary, you are still more unfortunate: the appointment was open until 11 P. M. on this very day, and at that hour it was filled up. "Well," said the excellent and Christian suppliant, "any thing whatever for me; beggars must not be choosers: possibly the office of vice-president might soon be vacant; it was said that the present man lay shockingly ill." Not at all; he was rapidly recovering; and the reversion, even if he should die, required enormous interest, for which a canvass had long since commenced on the part of fifty-three candidates. Thus proceeded the assault upon the secretary, and thus was it evaded. So moved the chase, and thus retreated the game, until at length nothing under heaven remained amongst all official prizes which the voter could ask, or which the secretary could refuse. Penitently the visitor reflected for a few minutes, and, suddenly raising his eye doubtfully, he said, "Why then, Mr. Secretary, have you ever an old black coat that you could give me?" Oh, aspiring genius of ambition! from that topmost round of thy aerial ladder that a man should descend thus awfully!—from the office of vice-president of the United States that he should drop, within three minutes, to "an old black coat!" The secretary was aghast: he rang the bell for such a coat: the coat appeared; the martyr of ambition was solemnly inducted into its sleeves; and the two parties, equally happy at the sudden issue of the interview, bowing profoundly to each other, separated for ever.

Even upon this model, sinking from a regal honour to an old black coat, Mr. O'Connell has actually agreed to accept—has volunteered to accept—for the name and rank of a separate nation, some trivial right of holding county meetings for local purposes of bridges, roads, turnpike gates. This privilege he calls by the name of "federalism;" a misnomer, it is true; but, were it the right name, names cannot change realities. These local committees could not possibly take rank above the Quarter Sessions; nor could they find much business to do which is not already done, by that respectable judicial body. True it is, that this descent is a thousand times more for the benefit of Ireland than

his former ambitious plan. But we speak of it with reference to the sinking scale of his ambition. Now this it is—viz. the aspiring character of his former promises, the assurance that he would raise Ireland into a nation distinct and independent in the system of Europe, having her own fleets, armies, peerage, parliament—which operated upon the enthusiasm of a peasantry the vainest in Christendom after that of France, and perhaps absolutely the most ignorant. Is it in human nature, we demand, that hereafter the same enthusiasm should continue available for Mr. O'Connell's service, after the transient re-action of spitefulness to the Government shall have subsided, which gave buoyancy to his ancient treason? The chair of a proconsul, the saddle of a pasha—these are golden baits; yet these are below the throne and diadem of a sovereign prince. But from these have descended into asking for "an old black coat," on the American precedent! Faugh! What remains for Ireland but infinite disgust, for us but infinite laughter?

No, no. By Mr. O'Connell's own act and capitulation, the game is up. Government has countersigned this result by the implicit pledge in their proclamation, that, having put down Clontarf, for specific reasons there assigned, they will put down all future meetings to which the same reasons apply. At present it remains only to express our fervent hope, that ministers will drive "home" the nail which they have so happily planted. The worst spectacle of our times was on that day when Mr. O'Connell, solemnly reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons, was suffered—in rising to reply; in retorting with insolence; in lecturing and reprimanding the Senate through their representative officer; in repelling just scorn by false scorn; in riveting his past offences; in adding contumely to wrong. Never more must this be repeated. Neither must the Whig policy be repeated of bringing Mr. O'Connell before a tribunal of justice that had, by a secret intrigue, agreed to lay aside its terrors. No compromise now: no juggling; no collusion! We desire to see the majesty of the law vindicated, as solemnly as it has been notoriously insulted. Such is the demand, such the united cry, of this great nation, so long and so infamously bearded. Then, and thus only, justice will be satisfied, reparation will be made: because it will go abroad into all lands, not only that the evil has been redressed, but that the author of the evil has been forced into a plenary atonement.

Latest Intelligence.

IRELAND.]

Reports gain ground in Dublin that Sir Robert Peel contemplates some comprehensive policy in respect to Irish grievances. The Dublin correspondent of the Morning Chronicle asserts that an official gentleman, who has been at work for six months, is engaged in completing by the next session of Parliament, an elaborate statement of the revenues of the Irish Church Establishment, arranged in a tabular form, embracing each individual parish, and specifying the income of the incumbent, the number of Protestant parishioners, whether or not there is a church in the parish, and other details. Speaking of the relations of landlord and tenant, the Pilot says—"Already preparations are being made to legislate on the subject. A commission is about to be appointed to make the necessary inquiries; and the animus of that project may be judged by the fact, that the Chairman is likely to be a Catholic Member of Parliament, with power to appoint his own Secretaries. We believe Lord Elliot will not contradict us—verily, the Canadian policy is about to be adopted. Oh that it may not be too late!"

The Repealers have endeavoured to get up a counter-prosecution. Mr. Barrett, attended by his counsel, Mr. Donough, and a party of friends, appeared at College-street Police-office, on Friday week, to lay informations against Mr. Frederick Bond Hughes, the Government short-hand writer, for perjury! In the depositions, on which the warrant against Mr. O'Connell and his friends proceeded, Mr. Hughes stated that "Mr. Barrett," the editor of the Pilot, was among those who attended at the meeting of the Repeal Association in Calvert's Theatre, and at the banquet on the 9th of October; whereas Mr. Barrett was provided with thirteen witnesses to swear that he was all the time at his own house, four miles from Dublin. The Magistrates objected to receive the information in the absence of the party accused, or at least till he had been summoned to attend. It was rejoined, that Mr. Hughes had left Ireland, and the prosecutor did not know where to serve the summons. The Magistrates said, that at all events one might be served at the place of Mr. Hughes's residence in Dublin; and in order to that preliminary formality, the party left the office. On Saturday, they reappeared; and Mr. Hitchcock, the spokesman for the Magistrates, said that the bench had come to the conclusion that they could not entertain the application at that stage of the proceedings, as it had always been the practice not to interfere in a case of the kind until the original case has been decided by another tribunal. A long discussion ensued on the legality of the procedure; which ended in the Magistrates definitively refusing to take the informations.

Repeal meetings have been held in different wards of Dublin, and resolutions passed in support of Mr. O'Connell. At one of these, in the Post-office Ward, on Saturday, he gave an explanation respecting what he had said on the previous Monday about a Federal Parliament—

"It had been most erroneously supposed by some persons that he had changed his mind on the subject of Repeal. It was scarcely necessary for him to say that any such impression was totally erroneous. He had merely repeated on Monday what he had often before, and long since, stated on the subject of a movement then in contemplation respecting the attainment of a Federal Parliament. But then, as well as on Monday last, he fully retained his own opinion that nothing short of Repeal could or ought to satisfy the people of Ireland, and that nothing else would afford an efficient remedy for the manifold grievances of the country. He was still firmly attached to the independent legislation; but having reason to believe that a movement for a Federal Parliament would rally a considerable and influential party, he had expressed himself ready to make the experiment, because he felt conscious that the result would be a still deeper conviction that in Repeal alone the true remedy would be found. He had been promised the support of a very powerful party in England, and he had reason also to calculate upon the adhesion of a very influential party in Ireland. By the post of to-morrow he would probably know to what extent the English party he alluded to would be prepared to co-operate with him. But he believed he might then state, that the Irish party upon whose aid and co-operation he had been led to calculate were neither so numerous nor so influential as he had imagined. Most grateful was he, however, to both, for their good wishes; and to his English friends he was doubly grateful; but while entertaining and expressing these opinions, he was bound to declare, that he was still of opinion that it was only in an Irish House of Commons, and in an Irish House of Lords, that the wrongs of Ireland could be redressed and the rights of Ireland maintained."

At a meeting in St. Audeon's Ward, on Sunday, he made the following odd declaration:

"Give me six months of perfect peace, and I'll give you my head on a block, if at the end of that time you have not a Parliament in College Green!"

The "Conciliation Hall" was opened on Monday week, and the weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held there. This building is close by the Corn Exchange, occupying a frontage of 60 feet on the quay and a depth of 100 feet. The front is stuccoed and ornamented with pillars, Brian Boroihme's harp, a crown, and other decorations. In a conspicuous part is the inscription—"The Repeal Year, 1843"—surrounded by a wreath of shamrock.

Mr. O'Connell began thus—"I wish that the first sentence which I have to utter in this Conciliation Hall, formed now as it is into an assembly, shall be this truth, that there is but one way to obtain the Repeal of the Union, and that is by strictly peaceable means. [Cheers.] My second sentence, and the only one I shall utter before I hand in money, is that the Repeal is certain." [Deafening applause.]

Having handed in various sums of money, Mr. O'Connell moved that Mr. William Smith O'Brien, M.P. for the county of Limerick, be admitted a member of the Association—carried of course by acclamation; and then he read a letter from the new convert to Repeal.

On the part of Mr. Steele, the Liberator preferred a fresh charge against Mr. Hughes—

Mr. Steele had been blamed for not having prosecuted Mr. Hughes for perjury; but, seeing that informations on the same ground had been refused, he thought there would not be at present any use in commencing a prosecution. It appeared that Mr. Bond Hughes had sworn that Mr. Steele, at a meeting of the Repeal Association, made use of these lines—

"Behemoth, biggest born of earth,
Upheaved its vastness."

Now Mr. Steele had never used these lines; but he was in the habit of reporting his own speeches, and when writing his speech for the Freeman's Journal he had put them in; and Mr. Hughes had thought proper to make use of them in his informations.

The Repeal rent for the week was declared to be £2,284; and the meeting adjourned till next day.

The Association met again on Tuesday.

Letters were read from Sir R. Musgrave, Sir Charles Wolsley, of Staffordshire, and Mr. R. de la Poer French, "first cousin of the Tory Lord Clancarty;" the two latter enclosing subscriptions. Mr. O'Connell made more speeches, alluding to a variety of topics. He advocated "conciliation" of all classes. He wished to conciliate England, but he saw no prospect of success were he to attempt it.

He most wanted to conciliate all Ireland, including the Presbyterians of the North. Ireland could only be restored to her place as a nation by Protestant, Presbyterian, and Catholic amalgamating themselves as Irishmen; and he called on all Irishmen to unite themselves for Repeal, on the basis of freedom of conscience to all men, ascendancy to none. A committee was instructed to prepare an address setting forth the declaration of that principle.

Mr. O'Connell's retreat from the bargain by which he was to descend from Repeal to Federalism, in consideration of aid from Federalists, and the advocates of Complete Suffrage in England, may derive some illustration from such passages as this, extracted from The Nation, indicating dissatisfaction among his more ardent supporters—

"With the Conciliation Hall, on Monday, will open a new and vigorous agitation. That day, it is understood, will witness some remarkable accessions to our ranks; and it may be gathered from the proceedings of the last meeting, that Mr. O'Connell will countenance a movement among those new allies for a Federal Parliament, while the association will continue to demand an independent one. This is undoubtedly a momentous measure. For ourselves, no reader of The Nation need be told that we abhor all dependence upon England, and that we look with a hope as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun to the regeneration of this country. But we fear too deeply the deadly bane of Ireland—division—to resist the movement because we would not propose it. The only man whom the country trusts or believes in has pronounced for it; and if we could draw any popular opinion from his views to ours, it is only too obvious that to that extent we would weaken the national strength. The post of commander is his—he is accredited—he is responsible; and we dare not peril the cause in which we labour by that Celtic wilfulness (which lost so many fields to Ireland) of resisting the trial of every plan but our own. We needs must follow the only general who can muster an effective army, though his plan of battle does not tally with ours."

Two companies of Artillery and the First Royal Dragoons have arrived in Dublin.

The State prosecutions against Mr. O'Connell and the eight other traversers will be accelerated by every means within the power of the Crown; and, if at all possible, the trials will be fixed for the sittings after the November Term. Those sittings commence on the 27th November.

Term opens on Thursday next. On that day the bills of indictment are to be sent up to the City Grand Jury, who have been summoned on a penalty of £100; the usual penalty is only half that sum. If the Grand Jury find "true bills," the traversers will be called upon to plead on Friday morning. Four days are usually allowed; but in this case the indictments will be of such great length, that the judges, in all probability, will allow the traversers a week or two. Under all the circumstances, it is not at all likely that the trials can take place before the beginning of December. Possibly, they may be postponed until the Hilary Term, which opens on the 11th of January.

It appears quite certain that Mr. O'Connell has determined to defend himself, and that his decision on this point was communicated to the counsel for the defendants, who held a consultation at the residence of Mr. O'Connell, in Merrion-square, on Thursday last. The hon. and learned gentleman, it is stated, intends to enter into a general review of the British policy in Ireland, especially in regard to the Legislative Union, in order to exhibit the causes of the Repeal movement, out of which those State prosecutions have arisen. Mr. O'Connell's address to the jury alone will, probably, occupy two days; and from this you may form some idea of the length of time to which the trials may extend.

Chief Justice Pennefather is to preside; but if, as some persons assert, it is to be a trial at bar, the four judges of the Queen's Bench will be in attendance.

As the charge is generally one of "conspiracy," all the traversers, it is likely, will be tried together. As the jury is to be a special one, there will, of course, be no challenging, either on the part of the Crown or traversers.

Mr. Steele also defends himself; and it is stated that he has made arrangements to avail himself of the evidence of the following witnesses, the presence of some of whom in court, if they should attend, would produce no small sensation:—Lord Plunkett, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Frederick Bond Hughes, the Government reporter; Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Steele proposes to examine them in the order set forth.

Respecting some of the witnesses to be examined by the Crown, and whose names have not yet been mentioned publicly, there are very strange rumours. But it would be premature at present to enter into particulars.

THE STATE PROSECUTIONS.

On Thursday morning, November 2nd, the Court of Queen's Bench was crowded to excess at an early hour, to witness the commencement of the state trials. The proceedings did not commence till one o'clock. The audience in the galleries was very numerous, and consisted to a large degree of ladies.

The Hon. Judge Burton entered the court about one o'clock, and the clerk of the crown proceeded to call over the grand pannel. The Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, Sergeant Warren, and Mr. Brewster, Q. C., took their seats shortly after the arrival of his lordship.

Judge Burton proceeded to charge the juries. After calling their attention to the duties which, as grand jurors, they had to perform, he entered upon the nature of the charge preferred against the accused. Gentlemen, I am now to tell you that, as far as I understand the bill likely, and intended to be submitted to you is a bill with a certain number of persons specified in it, the whole, being a charge of conspiracy, that is of conspiring, the sense of which is, agreeing amongst themselves altogether, or together with others, and concurring with each other in a design to effectuate certain unlawful purposes, or, at least, to effectuate certain purposes, whether in themselves unlawful or not, by unlawful means. Gentlemen, I believe I may state that the great, ostensible, and as I would collect from the informations sworn before me, the avowed object of the persons being, in this case, the abolition of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, as at present subsisting. Gentlemen, it appears to me to be right, with reference to the term Legislative Union, and the form in which I have described it, as at present subsisting, to advert to some expressions stated in some part of the information on which the indictment is, or will be, framed, and which I think material to state to you. It appears, then, that some or one of the persons charged, have, or has asserted, at some or one of certain public meetings referred to in the information, that this Legislative Union is, in itself, unlawful, that it is absolutely void, the consequences of which might be that every statute made since the Union, and importing to bind Ireland, would, to that extent, be void, and of no legal effect. Whether this imputed language to that effect was actually used, or if used was used in that sense, you shall have as is necessary for you, to examine and satisfy yourselves of. But I think the statement in the sworn information, as I have collected it, authorises and makes it incumbent on me to say for you in this place, that such a proposition has no legal foundation, and that the Legislative Union is not only practically, but lawfully, in force in Ireland; and that you in exercising your judgment upon that indictment—upon the indictment that will be preferred to you—are bound so to consider it. His lordship, after referring to the charge alleged against the parties in the indictment—conspiring by demonstrations of physical force to procure a change in the laws, stated that this did not necessarily presuppose any infraction of the public peace. He continued: The exhibition of immense bodies of men, being persons petitioning for a Repeal of the Union, and at the same time asserting in their presence that in part, at least, by their intervention it must and should take place, seems to me to afford ground for charging it in the indictment as a purpose of intimidation. Gentlemen, whether it really had the purpose or not must be in the first instance for you to judge of—that is, to judge whether it is or is not a matter of charge fit and proper to be tried by a jury on a plea of not guilty. Gentlemen, I have further to tell you that the charge in the indictment upon these grounds is, in truth, a misdemeanor; and further, that there appears to me to be evidence of the inference to be drawn from it; you are in the first instance to judge, and on that ground either to find or reject the bill. After referring to the attempts made to excite dissatisfaction in the army and navy, which, if proved, his lordship pronounced a high misdemeanor—to certain letters and articles published in the Repeal papers, his lordship proceeded to consider the fiscal part of the charge—the collection of the rent. Gentlemen, this is the charge of soliciting and obtaining, as well from different parts of the United Kingdom, as from foreign countries, large sums of money in order to promote and effectuate the objects charged by the indictment. Gentlemen, there is certainly evidence, and I think I may venture to say, clear evidence of the receipt of contributions from different parts of the United Kingdom, and also from foreign countries, and as it may appear by the manner and terms of the acknowledgment of such receipts of encouraging, if not directly soliciting the continuance of them. I feel that I must, according to my view of the subject, add that this offence, as it appears to me to be charged—I allude here to the motives and purposes ascribed to the collection of these contributions, is a misdemeanor, and I cannot but feel myself bound to say that in my own present views of this part of the case the fact itself opens considerations of very great importance, and such as would in my judgment, under the admitted or hitherto uncontested circumstances of it, disclose a case very fit for, and which possibly could only be satisfactorily adjudicated on by a trial under the plea of not guilty to the indictment. The appointment of arbitrators to decide on matters in litigation between the Queen's subjects, calculated as it was to bring into contempt the legal tribunals of the country, his lordship pronounced, if proved, a misdemeanor. If the facts on which the evidence is charged are clearly proved, it may be the better course to find the bill on that evidence, leaving them, together with their legal consequences, to a trial on an issue joined to a plea of not guilty. By the exercise of your duty, I mean the finding or the non-finding, as to you may appear most fit and proper, of a true bill; which, if found, will send the case to be decided upon by a jury, chosen to decide between the crown and the subject. The concluding part of the charge referred to the government reporter. If the grand jury thought that he had wilfully and deliberately sworn what was not the truth, they would of course disbelieve him—if, even, through negligence or inadvertence—through a proper want of attention to his important duties, he had stated what was not correct—that alone, although not sufficient to deprive him of all credit, was sufficient to impeach his testimony. The concluding portion of the charge referred to the importance of the case, and to impressing on the grand jury the necessity of giving it their best consideration.

His lordship's charge, which lasted forty-three minutes in delivery, was listened to with breathless interest.

SPECIAL EXPRESS FROM DUBLIN.

Friday Night.

We have, this morning, received intelligence from Dublin, by special Express, bringing us the news up to the latest possible hour last night. The Grand Jury had been occupied the whole of the day in reading the indictments, which covered the enormous space of thirty-three skins of parchment. This enormously wordy affair had prevented the Grand Jury from examining any witnesses, although a large number were in attendance. The greatest possible interest existed in Dublin, and large sums of money would have been eagerly given to obtain admission to the court.

The informations of Barret, of the *Pilot*, Dr Gray, &c., have been received by order of the Chief Justice, in the case of Mr. Bond Hughes, charged with perjury. It was quite obvious that the Repeal party are now on the whole pleased with the charge of Judge Burton.

SCOTLAND.

At the sitting of the General Assembly of the Free Protestant Church of Scotland, on Wednesday se'nnight, the following letter was read from Sir James Graham to Dr. Chalmers:—

"Whitehall, 8th June, 1843.

"Sir—I have had the honour of receiving and of laying before her Majesty the address which bears your signature, and which was transmitted by you to me. I am unwilling needlessly to refer to the late secession of a portion of the ministers from the Established Church of Scotland; but the assurance of your continued loyalty has been graciously received by her Majesty; and the Queen relies with satisfaction on the declaration which you make on behalf of the ministers and elders of a church of Christ; that you will be steadfast in your obedience to the civil power, and that you regard that duty as demanded by the highest authority, and as due to the peace and prosperity of the nation.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"J. R. G. GRAHAM.

"To the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, Moderator of Edinburgh."

This letter was listened to with laughter and hisses; and some demur was made to the usual form of entering it on the minutes. Addresses from distant churches having been received, a resolution was passed, expressing satisfaction at the resolution of the missionaries abroad to adhere to the Free Church. A committee was appointed to consider the proposition of the Original Secession Church for a union with the Free Church; and a deputation was received from the Union Secession Synod. Dr. Malan, of Geneva, addressed the Assembly as a deputy from the Evangelical Churches in Geneva. At the conclusion of his address, he was thanked by the Moderator in the name of the Assembly. Dr. Malan, seemingly much affected, walked towards the chair, and grasping the hand of the Moderator, earnestly asked that he would desire the Assembly to pray for him. Dr. Makeller was accordingly requested to offer up a prayer; which he did, in a very fervid and impressive manner. The whole of this scene was in the highest degree touching, and full of interest. Next day, Dr. Candlish made some statements respecting the refusal of sites for the churches in the Highlands. He denounced that "conspiracy" of the landowners; but stated that the Commission of the Assembly had taken steps to induce the people not to break the peace. Mr. Fox Maule moved a string of resolutions, condemning the conduct of the landowners in question, and referring the subject to a committee, to report to the next Assembly. The resolutions were seconded by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and carried unanimously. The finances of the Free Church were privately considered on Thursday and Saturday, and on Monday a report was produced. It appeared that 700 churches were required, at a cost of £350,000; £166,702 had been subscribed to the "building fund," and contributions of materials, &c. swelled that sum to £206,702; and it is said that amount would not warrant an allowance of more than £30 to each minister for the half-year. The Assembly broke up on Wednesday; to meet again in Edinburgh, on the 16th May.

Edinburgh was enlivened last week by a musical festival, on a grand scale; which began on Wednesday and closed on Saturday week. It derived additional interest from the presence of the Duke of Bordeaux, who is travelling in Scotland incognito, under the title of Count de Chambaud.

WALES.

Mr. Frankland Lewis has begun the inquiry into Welsh grievances in a fine spirit, which does credit to himself and the Government which appointed him. This passage in his address on opening the commission at Carmarthen extorts approval from the Times, even for a Poor-law Commissioner:—"They (the Ministers) are most anxiously desirous to ascertain whether there be any real causes of grievance subsisting, in order that by the powers of the Executive Government or of Parliament, or of both combined, a legislative remedy may be effected; for which purpose we are here. * * * Even to wrongdoers I will say, that this inquiry will be conducted with feelings of compassion and of kindness towards all. We know the infirmities of human nature, and cannot but feel deeply sorry for those who have been misled; for although the law must be upheld, we still feel (and it is my full conviction) that many have been misled from erroneous opinions, whom a wise, judicious, and I may say gentle treatment, may bring back into those right paths from which they have been induced to wander."

The trial of John Hughes, the "Rebecca" in the attack on Portardulais gate on the night of the 6th September, began last Saturday, at Cardiff.

INDIA.

A mail has at length been received from Bombay. It left that port on the 26th of August, but being driven back by stress of weather, did not finally get away until the 7th of September. It reached Alexandria on the 4th instant, before the arrival of the Queen's steamer Geyser, and was brought to Malta by the French steamer Lycurge.

The intelligence by this mail is not of great moment. Lord Ellenborough was at Calcutta. He had appointed Mr. Bird Deputy-Governor of Bengal; an appointment that gave much satisfaction. There was to be an army of observation at Gwalior, probably commanded by Sir William Nott, and another on the Sutlej, which Sir Hugh Gough was expected to command.

Advices from Scinde came down to the 19th of August, when that province was quite tranquil. The collection of the revenue had been begun, and it was thought that there would not be much difficulty in raising even a larger sum than was ever paid to the Ameers.

There were abundant rumours respecting the state of Afghanistan. Dost Mohammed was said to be "ruling with a rod of iron;" and one of the victims to his austerities was Ameen Oola, a traitor to Shah Sujah and the British. Sufter Jung, the son of Sujah, was in prison at Candahar. There are reports of friendly negotiations carried on by the Dost with the Persians at Herat, and with the King of Bokhara; but they are very doubtful.

A most extraordinary conspiracy had been discovered at Bombay—"a joint-stock company" for plundering boats and ships, and smuggling. It is said to have existed for thirty years, and to have been accustomed to divide £70,000 or £80,000 a-year in profits! An accomplice had turned traitor to the confederacy, and denounced it; but the information was still very imperfect; and the Police agents are suspected of having been bribed by the gang to impede further disclosures.

ITALY.—A letter from Bologna, of the 15th inst., states that fresh disturbances had taken place in that city and its neighbourhood. In the evening of

the 3d, the populace came to blows with the carbiniers and Swiss in the streets of Borgo, San Pietro, and San Donato. Four soldiers and a workman were dangerously wounded. The Swiss having given way, a troop of dragoons was immediately sent to the assistance of the carbiniers, and soon restored order. On the 8th, several military posts were attacked in the lower city. Similar outbreaks were said to have occurred in other parts of the province; and Cardinal Spinola was so much alarmed at the hostile dispositions evinced by the Bolognese, that he applied for leave of absence, and quitted the city. On the 10th, he was succeeded *ad interim* by Cardinal Vannicelli Casoni. Three physicians and several landowners of the districts traversed in August last by Muratori's band had been arrested. The prisons of Bologna contained seventy political offenders, and fifty more were detained at Pesaro until they could be safely removed to fort San Leo. It was reported, that in a recent congregation of Cardinals, held at Rome to consider the situation of the Legations, Cardinal Bernelli recommended that concessions be made to the people, and a general amnesty granted to all persons implicated in political conspiracies since 1831. This proposition, however, was rejected, by the almost unanimous vote of the assembly.

SPAIN.—The intelligence from Spain is of little interest this week. At Madrid the session of the Cortes were opened on the 15th, by commission as we should say; and the members continued to arrive daily, in considerable numbers. The Government party hastened the preliminaries, declaring the elections valid without examining the objections against them; inasmuch that they are accused of "indecenty," of excluding the Liberals in a body, and of "packing" the Cortes. The work was still going forward on the 18th inst. At Barcelona, matters remain *in statu quo*. Concha opened his batteries against Saragossa on the 19th. Another insurrectionary movement at Seville had failed; but Leon had "pronounced"; Salamanca is said to have done so; and there was some uneasiness apparent in Valencia, Estremadura, and Galicia.

Queen Isabella was present for the first time at a bull-fight in Madrid, on the 12th inst. The spectacle was in aid of funds for building a church in Chambri; and it netted £1,000.

Her Majesty was surrounded by her Ministers, Generals, and grand functionaries, Lopez and Serrano, Narvaez and Mazarredo, and the Dukes of Bailen and Saragossa. All vied in explaining and expatiating on the succession of combats; which lasted for three hours, and did not terminate until the sun had set for a considerable time, and it was no longer possible for her Majesty to discern whether the men were killing the bull or the bull killing the men. Eight bulls were slaughtered in the ring, and twelve horses were left gored and disembowelled there. How many staggered off to die outside I know not. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to pay particular attention to all said and done, and exhibited a degree of interest and animation of which ordinary observers had previously thought her incapable. She was highly amused when the first bull ran in, scattering the quadrille of combatants; and seriously interested as the fun advanced and the bull rushed upon the mounted picador, goring, and tossing, and tearing up his horse, and trampling upon, doubling up, and crushing the fallen rider. The grotesque efforts of the bull to shake the half-score of barbed darts out of his shoulders seemed to afford her Majesty high amusement."

Foreign Summary.

The London Morning Herald states that Lord Aberdeen has re-established political relations with the United States, and was ready and willing to negotiate such extended commercial relations as shall benefit both countries without injuring either.

The Cotton Market was on the decline, as was expected.

The city of London election has terminated with Mr. Pattison being pronounced the successful candidate, after a pretty sharp contest. The official declaration of the poll took place at Guildhall, when the sheriffs declared the numbers to be—For Mr. Pattison, 6,535; Mr. Baring, 6,367; majority for Mr. Pattison, 165.

Ole Bull, is among the passengers in the Caledonia.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Duke of Bordeaux have visited Scotland. The former has since left for home.

There was a destructive storm in Liverpool and its neighbourhood on the 28th, which occasioned much damage to property, and the loss of several lives.

Reschid Pacha has been recalled from his office as governor of Jerusalem, both on account of his inefficiency, and a desire to conciliate France for the late outrage upon her flag.

THE DETERMINATION OF THE BISHOPS.—The last number of the Westminster Review states, as a well known fact, "that it is the deliberate determination of the Bishops (with three exceptions,) that no scheme of national education shall receive their sanction which does not leave the appointment of schoolmasters in the hands of the clergy."

SALE OF AMERICAN CHEESE AT LIVERPOOL.—About 2500 boxes of American cheese were offered at public sale here this week, of which fully 1600 sold, chiefly from 40s. to 52s. per cwt. with a few inferior and out of condition at rather less prices. Such of the parcels as were in good condition and possessed quality, were spiritedly competed for.—The trade in this article at this port is becoming one of very considerable importance, and we understand that the American farmers are paying more attention to the make, so as to adapt it better to the English taste. The Cambridge, which arrived on Friday, brought upwards of 3,900 packages, and a further supply is reported to have arrived in the George Washington, from New York.

LONDON ELECTION.—One of the most striking domestic events of late years is the result of the city of London election. It has astonished both parties. The commercial metropolis of the world has unequivocally declared its adherence to those principles of free trade which have been recently promulgated with such energy by Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and others. London is now the headquarters of the League; and the friends of the defeated candidate found that the interference of this new agent, (in electioneering,) so far from being resisted as an impertinence by the jealous citizens, was hailed by them as an ally. As it affects the ministers' strength in the House of Commons, the election itself is a bagatelle. Not so its moral influence upon the country. Regarded in that light, it tells powerfully against the government, the whole influence of which was exerted to avert such a blow. Measured by personal talent and consideration, the successful candidate is behind his rival; but all considerations appear to have been overlooked in the desire of the electors to free the commerce of the country from all superfluous restrictions. The victory of the League; and it is but the precursor of similar invasions amongst other constituencies hereafter, as opportunities offer. The return of Mr. Pattison for the city of London is unquestionably the greatest feat which that sturdy agitator,

Mr. Cobden, has yet achieved. The new member is the embodied concentration of the League's principles. Before the election, and during his canvass, he repeatedly declared his intention of standing or falling by them. On that ground the battle was fought. The result has placed the free trade theory at a higher point of elevation than ever it stood before.

In another column will be found Judge Burton's charge to the Grand Jury of Dublin, delivered on the afternoon of Thursday. The general tone is decidedly in favour of the charges which have been preferred by the Government against Mr. O'Connell and the rest of the Repealers, for "conspiracy and other misdemeanours." As the Judge is what is termed a "constitutional lawyer," the tone of the charge has somewhat alarmed the Repeal party. At the time we write, it is not known whether the Grand Jury had found true bills against the parties, but not the least doubt existed that they would do so, from the fact—a part from other reasons—that the jury is composed of eighteen Tories to six Liberals, and, with regard to the finding of Grand Juries, the majority rules the minority. But the strongest rumour of the day is, that traitors have made their appearance in the Repeal camp, and that some of the members of the association have offered to sell themselves to the Government, in order to ensure the conviction of their fellows! This may or may not be true; but it is currently reported in Dublin, and generally believed. The announcement has had a startling effect on both sides of the Channel. Had the rumour merely applied to the members of the association, which amount to thirty-four thousand, it would not have appeared so startling, but the *on dit* is, that the "traitors" belong to the committee or executive branch of the Repeal Association.

European Times.

That facetious professor of divinity, the Rev. Sydney Smith, is again in the field, with a pen as sharp and as keen-pointed as a rapier, denouncing American repudiation.

The Queen has paid a visit to Cambridge, where she has been received by the learned gowmsmen with every demonstration of loyalty. The University conferred upon her consort the honorary distinction of Doctor of Civil Law.

A married lady and gentleman—one leaving six children behind, and the other eight, have just eloped from Devonshire to America.

THE NEW BISHOP.—An impression prevails that the Venerable Archdeacon Lonsdale, principal of King's College, London, is to succeed to the see of Lichfield. Some confirmation is given to this belief by the fact that a messenger from Sir Robert Peel, with a pressing communication to the archdeacon, arrived at the Savoy Chapel yesterday afternoon, while the reverend gentleman was in the pulpit.

M. Emmanuel de Cessaia, nephew of M. de Lamartine, has been appointed one of the Attachés of the Embassy to China.

There is a vacancy in the representation of Salisbury, by the death of Mr. Wadham Wyndham, the conservative member for that city.

A public meeting was held at Birmingham on Wednesday, to sympathise with the Irish Repealers.

More rumours imply something like a crisis in Italy: may it turn to good account! The Paris *Reforme* has a letter from Trieste of the 18th inst., which states that a strong body of Austrian troops actually had advanced to the Roman frontier; while a French fleet was looked for at Ancona, to balance the Austrian intervention. In the meantime, the Papal Government is indiscreet enough to enforce oppressive financial measures; venturing on money-oppression, which makes politics intelligible to all classes!

The railway from Vienna to Cologne is now open throughout its whole length.

Mr. Buddle, the agent of the Marquis of Londonderry, has died lately, worth the enormous sum of £150,000, from having been a mere pit lad.

The Earl of Harewood is about to introduce the allotment system among the poor on his estates at Goldsborough and other places.

Directions have been issued to the South Nottinghamshire Yeomanry to hold themselves in readiness for active service at a moment's notice.

The Lord Lieutenant and privy council of Ireland have fixed on the 13th of November, as the day on which the Irish Arms Act is to come into operation.

As one of the symptoms that Bristol is participating in the present improved state of things, we may state that, one day last week, the managers of the Savings' Bank in that city received deposits amounting to nearly £1,000.

The London Record states, that two thousand of the clergy of the established church have signed the protest against Puseyism. This is about a sixth of the number of the English clergy.

Another trial of the atmospheric railway, which is now nearly completed, between Dublin and Dalkey, took place last week, when the speed attained was fully sixty miles an hour.

Count Surveilliers (Joseph Bonaparte,) who has been residing at Florence for some time has been attacked with a paralytic stroke, by which his life is endangered.

The Senatus of Marischal College, University of Aberdeen, has conferred the honorary degree of L.L.D. on Charles Lyell, Esq., jun. President of the Geological Society of London.

The Bombay papers state, that Sir H. Pottinger was reduced to solicit relief from his present duties, owing to a severe attack of calculus, for which he was about to undergo an operation.

The Debats of Tuesday publishes a long article on the project of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. It appears that the French government has received very favourable accounts of the practicability of this scheme, and has appointed an engineer to report upon it, with a view to give its support to the undertaking.

A Berlin paper mentions that the Emperor of Russia is about to introduce the Prussian militia (Landwehr) system into his dominions. This arrangement renders every subject of the realm liable to serve in the army for a limited time, without any exemption whatsoever.

The last stone of the tower of the new Royal Exchange, London, was set by the contractor on Monday last, on which occasion all the workmen were entertained, and some bottles of champagne were drunk at the top of the scaffold, in honour to such completion.

An augmentation of the cavalry regiments has just been decided on by the government. Eight men are to be added to the present strength of each troop. This measure is to be carried into effect with the least possible delay.

United Service Gazette.

The increase in the export of sugar from India is most remarkable; indeed, there is no development of the resources of that country to be compared with it. In 1835-6 the export was only 1,689,958 rupees, last year it had increased to 14,835,773.

The *Reforme*, of Sunday last, publishes a list of 57 towns and villages which, being placed under the batteries of the forts of Paris, may, according to military laws, on the first report of a war, be razed to the ground, lest they should protect the approach of the enemy.

NEWLY-INVENTED SHOT.—Some novel experiments with cylindrical shots were made, last week, on the sands adjoining the Primrose Hotel, Bootle. They were all filled with combustible matter, similar to the rocket, and fired from a piece of ordnance. At the range of one thousand yards, or more, they would be found most effective against cavalry or infantry, setting fire to magazines, shipping, &c. The cylindrical form is much better adapted than the spherical for live shot or shells, the bulk and weight being increased nearly one-half, the usual windage entirely prevented, and the requisite charge of powder much reduced. The shots were prepared at the foundry of Messrs. Fawcett and Co., and are for a foreign government.

Lord Cardigan is reported to have instituted legal proceedings against the *Times*, for libel; and against the *Freeman's Journal*, for publishing a letter signed "Captain Outall," which said, in what was meant for satire, that Lord Cardigan had volunteered to take the lead against the Repealers at Clontarf.

It is understood that a marriage is on the tapis between Lady Chantry, relict of the late Sir Francis Chantry, the eminent sculptor, and Mr. Corbould, the artist. Her Ladyship is staying at Tunbridge Wells. *Morning Chronicle.*

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Oct. 12.—Royal Regt. of Artillery; 2nd Capt. J. M. Savage to be Capt. v Sir H. Chamberlain, Bart. deceased; 1st Lt. H. Murray to be 2nd. Capt. v Savage; 2nd Lt. E. B. Hamley to be 1st Lt. v Murray. —Royal Engineers; 2nd Lt. C. Sim to be 1st Lt. v Jenkin, deceased; 2nd Capt. T. Hore to be Capt. v Bart, retired on full pay; 1st Lt. G. A. Bennett to be 2nd Capt. v Hore; 2nd Lt. F. C. Hassard to be 1st Lt. v Bennett.

WAR-OFFICE Oct. 20.—1st Regt. of Ft.; E. C. Hancock, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Ewart, who retires.—9th Ft.; Ens. W. H. Foster, from the 76th Ft. to be Ens. v Lea, promoted.—12th Ft.; Quartermaster-Sergt. J. Cowell to be Quartermaster, v B. Swift, who retires upon half-pay.—16th Ft.; Ens. C. M. Read, from the 55th Ft. to be Ens. v Marshall, whose removal from the 55th Ft. has been cancelled.—20th Ft.; W. H. Dowling, to be Ens. without pur. v Pethebridge, deceased.—23rd Ft.; 2nd Lt. and Adj. J. Wynne to have the rank of 1st Lt.; 2nd Lt. J. I. Routh, to be 1st Lt. by pur. v Capron, who retires; Gent. Cadet H. H. Dare, from the Royal Military College, to be 2nd Lt., by pur. v Routh. 25th Ft.: Lt. E. R. Priestley, to be Capt., by pur. v Knight, who retires; Ens. H. Balguy to be Lt., by pur. v Priestley. 27th Ft.: Lt. A. V. Watson to be Capt., by pur. v Lonsdale, who retires; En. J. S. Manly, to be Lt., by pur. v Watson; H. Murray, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Manly. 38th Ft.: S. Hackett, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Robinson, who retires. 45th Ft.: Capt. R. Lewis, from the 94th Ft. to be Capt., v Magee, who exchanges. 49th Ft.: Ens. H. B. Chambers, from the Royal Newfoundland Companies, to be Lt., by pur. v Lane, promoted to the 3rd West India Regt.; Lt. C. S. Glazbrook, from the 34th Ft., to be Adj. and Lt., v Heatly, who resigns the Adj. only. 66th Ft.: Lt. R. A. C. Daniell, to be Capt., by pur. v Parker, who retires; Ens. A. P. Cooper, to be Lt., by pur. v Daniell; H. W. B. Davis, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Cooper. 76th Ft.: F. A. Peel, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v Forster, appointed to the 9th Foot. 77th Ft.: Capt. J. Burke, from h.-p. Unat., to be Capt. v Galway, app. Pym.; Lieut. H. D. Griffith, to be Capt. by pur. v Burke, who rets.; Ens. C. T. Dumaresq to be Lieut. by pur. v Griffith; B. H. Maguire, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v Dumaresq.—81st Ft.: Lieut. E. Bowyer to be Capt. by pur. v Hale, who rets.; Ens. F. Lepper to be Lieut. by pur. v Bowyer; R. B. Chichester, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v Lepper.—85th Ft.: Ens. Lord S. S. Compton to be Lieut. by pur. v Vance, who rets.; R. H. Walters, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v Lord S. S. Compton.—91st Ft.: Capt. J. F. G. Campbell to be Maj. without pur. v Ducat, dec.; Lt. H. J. Savage to be Capt., v Campbell; Ens. J. M'Inroy to be Lt., v Savage; Sergt.-Maj. J. MacPherson to be Ens., v M'Inroy.—94th Ft.: Capt. H. Magee, from the 45th Ft., to be Capt., v Lewis, who exchs. 2nd W.I. Regt.: Company Sergt.-Maj. T. Birley, to be Quar. mas., v Irwin, dec. 3rd W. I. Regt.: C. F. Stephenson, M.D., to be Assist.-Surg., v Tonnerre, appt. to the Staff. Ryl. Newfoundland Comp.: Lieut. H. B. Chambers, from half-p. 49th Ft., to be Lt. v Berry, prom. Hospital Staff: Assist.-Insp. of Hospitals C. St. John, M.D. to be Dep. Insp.-Gen. of Hospitals, v A. Stewart, M.D., who rets. upon h.-p.; Assist.-Surg. J. Stewart, from the Ryl. Mil. College, to be Staff-Surg. of the 2nd class, v Strath, dec.; Assist.-Surgeon J. Tonnerre, from the 3rd. W. I. Regt., to be Assist.-Surgeon to the Forces; W. Barrett, M.D., to be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces. Brevet: Capt. J. Burke, of the 77th Ft., to be Maj. in the Army.

WAR-OFFICE, Nov. 3.—5th Regt. of Ft.—2d Lt. R. Darrell to be 1st Lt., without pur. v Campbell, who retires; W. H. Candler, Gent., to be 2d Lt., by pur. v Darrell. 14th Ft.—Lt. J. M. C. O'Toole, from h.-p. 49th Ft., to be Lt., v H. P. Gidd, who exchs. 26 h Ft.—Lt. R. C. Craigie, from the 69th Ft., to be Paymaster, v R. H. Strong, who retires upon h.-p. 34th Ft.—Ens. W. J. Blake to be Lt. by pur. v Rooper, who retires; Sir G. H. S. Douglas, Bart., to be Ens. by pur. v Blake. 45th Ft.—Lt. J. P. Erskine, from the 72d Ft., to be Paymaster, v D. O'Meara, who retires upon h.-p. 66th Ft.—Lt. G. Maxwell to be Capt. without pur. v Moyle, dec. 73d Ft.—Lt. C. Faunt, fm. h.-p. 49th Ft., to be Lt., v F. C. Skurray, who exchs. 1st West India Regt.—C. Grange, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v Ellis, who retires. Royal Newfoundland Companies—R. G. G. Cumming, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v Chambers, prom. in 49th Ft.

* Messrs W. H. and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

* Mr. Jno. Balfour is our agent for the city of Toronto.

We have appointed Messrs. Brainard & Co. our sole Agents, at Boston, for the Anglo American.

MARRIED.—On Sunday, the 12th inst., Mr. Charles Potter, of New York, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of John Lambert, Esq., of Newtown, L. I.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 1-4 a 8 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1843.

By the *Caledonia* we have our files to the 4th inst. inclusive. They are chiefly filled with the affairs of O'Connell, and the movements of the Free trade party. From these we have reported freely in our news columns.

The Overland mail has arrived, but the news brought thereby has been mainly anticipated by other channels. In China and India everything looks favourable.

THE CI-DEVANT IRISH REPEAL QUESTION.

"Oh, what a falling off was there, my countrymen."

And *this* is to be the end of this great agitator's schemes, *this* is to be the result of his unmeasured boasting, *this* is his mode of meeting constitutional opposition "Foot to foot!" He explains away his original intent when addressing the powers who have cut short his mad career. He puts on an affectation of content, and assurance that "the good cause" prospers, when addressing the gullied thousands from whom some modicum of "Rent" may yet be drained; but yet, to use a term applied to this speculation by Blackwood, "The game is up." At this critical juncture, when the terrors of offended justice are over his head and over those of his more immediate coadjutors, when he feels a half consciousness that he has not the timid and temporizing policy of the Whig ministry to deal with, when the clear-viewing eye of Peel is upon him, and the prompt head and hand of Wellington are intent upon him, how gladly would he avail himself of the talent which he so eminently possessed when he more happily was occupied in forensic employment, and twist his meanings into a shape less ominous to his own future history.

A worthy wight yclept Mr. Joseph Sturge, has fortunately, as O'Connell thinks, supplied him with a hole to creep out at. After forwarding to the Agitor some resolutions indicative of sympathy and comfort, together with a sum of money—perhaps the most comfortable fact of the communication—Mr. Sturge asks him to declare unequivocally (what a demand!) the real objects and the ulterior views of his agitation, promising that, if they shall be reasonable, and not include what Mr. Sturge considers the hopeless aim of Repeal as hitherto generally understood, he shall meet with substantial assistance in England for the furtherance of a good design. The question is a god-send. He could not have mooted it, but he can reply to it. And how stands the matter? His College Green Parliament sinks into a provincial assembly for the purpose of legislating upon internal affairs of Ireland, the country to be in *federal*—that is the word—in federal union with Great Britain, and all the legislative acts to undergo the revisal, approval, and confirmation of the Imperial Parliament.

Why what is this? It carries the legislative authority of Ireland down to a much lower position than that which was enjoyed by her previous to the year 1800. It would degrade her from the condition of an integral portion of the empire to that of a mere colony, whose public acts would be all under the restrictions of the home government, and which could take no part in the great concerns of the Empire at large.—But it skills not to talk farther on the matter; we would recommend to Mr. O'Connell to dispose his robe decently so as to come to his political death with some degree of dignity. That kind of death is plainly probable; there will not likely be any winking or blinking in the courts of law this time.

But Mr. O'Connell, contrary to his ordinary usage, displays his game; and we next find him telling his followers in effect, that although the federal assembly may do for the present, nothing short of the entire repeal, as at first proposed, can remedy the evils of Ireland. He is more assiduous than ever in recommending peaceable demeanour—and we believe him sincere at present—and tells them to persevere, with the assurance of success in the end. This is all very well, for he must be himself assured that the *first* step, the *federal* step will not be granted, consequently those which are farther in advance will not be attained.

The Repeal party make great rejoicings at certain adhesions, and new recruits to their altered position; a matter of really no importance at all, and in fact the proceedings therein will consist of but wordy warfare only, until it is seen how the indictments shall be disposed of. These are both comprehensive and heavy, and Judge Burton, who took the informations, is a constitutional lawyer whose views the indicted party will find it hard to turn. Mr. O'Connell purposes to defend himself, and Mr. Steele will be active for the others. A small ruse has been attempted in consequence of the error—for it is evidently nothing else—of the government short-hand writer, who, from ignorance of certain identity, makes a Mr. Barrett to be present at a meeting when he was proved to be at his home distance from the place. But the attempt to fasten perjury on at a short-hand writer was a failure.

A recent meeting of the Dublin corporation has thrown some new light on the Repeal management. Dr. Maunsell was a staunch admirer both of the government and of its mode of procedure in this Repeal affair, except that it had been too long delayed. Prof. Butt, on the other hand, defended the consistency of Government, Sir Robert Peel having declared that Ministers would forbear from interfering in Ireland as long as possible; and he did not agree with Dr. Maunsell in thinking that the forbearance had been too long protracted.

"It is the moderation of their past forbearance in the eyes of the country and of Europe gives moral power to the vigour of their present move; and I believe that for their suppression of the agitation that is convulsing and distracting the country—at a time when they had manifested to the world that they had no alternative but to abandon their duty or to interfere—they derive and will receive the thanks of the country—of all friends of peace—of the stability of the empire—ay, and of thousands who have been compelled and coerced by intimidation to join your ranks. (Confusion, and cries of "Name!" cries of "Order!" from the Conservatives and from Mr. O'Connell.) Name, do you call? If you wish, I will name. (Cries of "No, no." from Mr. O'Connell, vehemently echoed by the Repealers.) Well, be it so; you do not wish that I should answer your call. Well, I repeat my statement, that there are thousands who have been coerced to join your ranks who will in secret feel the deepest gratitude to the Government for having suppressed the agitation that convulsed them."

The election of Mr. Pattison, as member for London, is one of the most important triumphs of the Anti-Corn law league and the advocates of Free trade. In the first place it was carried against both the influence and popularity of the great trading house of Baring, and secondly against the Premier and the present government. As regards the mere accession of Mr. Pattison in parliament to his side of the question, the matter would be of no importance; but here is expressed the sense of the great mercantile community of London; and as that heart beats, so answer the pulsations of the whole frame which is attached to it. It must now be evident that immense modifications both of trade and agriculture are near their birth; the principles of Cobden, Bright, and other advocates of unshackled trade, have been for some time advancing, and now their position is a commanding one. Even Sir Robert Peel evidently sees the march of these reformers, and in a recent speech which he made at an agricultural meeting at Tamworth, he talked at the subject significantly enough, although he did not touch on it. The Honourable Baronet intimated to his hearers that farmers must learn to make the most of the land which they cultivated, by destroying noxious animals, by the study of agricultural chemistry, and by the invention or adoption of every available useful means. He alluded to the propriety of granting long leases to good tenants, in order to induce a liberal outlay by the latter in the production of improvements;—all this, clearly as preparatory to the farmer's preparation for coming events. We think that "he who runs may read."

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

There must certainly be an immense advance in the sense of independence which communities feel with regard to rulers. Blind submission is no longer known; even in Morocco, hitherto the strong-hold of despotic power, despotism is resisted. When we consider how long, how lamentably long Greece has submitted to the yoke of servitude, how, step by step, she has descended until she reached the humiliated position of the descendants of Canaan, and became even a "servant of servants," and when we remember that the worst part of this condition has failed to extinguish the fire of liberty altogether from the bosoms of those whose fathers once worshipped at her shrine with an unsurpassed devotion; we are compelled to admit that the latent spark must be of immortal origin, which a breath may fan into a flame, but which all the storms of the wind-god cannot extinguish. The recent account of the revolution in Greece which was published by our respected contemporary of the "Commercial Advertiser" is a beautiful narrative, but if it were nothing more we should not have given even so much as a notice of it. But it is both a moral and a political tableau; it shows the zeal and the unanimity which prevails when a holy purpose is to be furthered, and when a patriotic object is to be gained. Though the plot was extensively known throughout the kingdom, yet was there not found one to betray it, so sacred did every one deem the duty he had to perform that not one, even of the humbler sort, yielded to a momentary temptation. We wish we could convey the essence of the fine description to which we have alluded, into a brief narrative, but brevity would spoil it, and we have not space for the entire account as given in the before-mentioned journal. Suffice it that the royal compound of indolence and arbitrary feeling, was furnished with a lesson that the notions of liberty maintained by Greece in her best day, are not extinct in the bosoms of their descendants, and that a nation oppressed by real grievances can, in the present age, both remonstrate and act.

Among the most recent intelligence we find that the emperor Nicholas exhibits symptoms of indignation concerning the puppet that himself and other royal dictators placed over the Greeks when they affected to give them freedom. To emancipate Greece was to weaken Turkey; good, but to compel King Log to rule constitutionally was to weaken royal and imperial power in the abstract; not good. The ambassadors of the three protecting powers offered their interposition at the "revolution of an hour," but were not allowed to interfere, nor could they obtain access to Otho at all, until he had given his reply to the patriots. Nevertheless the Autocrat of all the Russias, who probably sees no impossibility in any thing that he wills to be done, has disgraced the ambassador who represented him.

For the rest, in one moment have all the foreign creatures, who fattened on devoted Greece, whilst her citizens were suffering abject distress, been deprived of authority, civil and military, without a chance of restoration, and find themselves obliged to depart from among an abused, insulted, and defrauded people whom they find possessed, however, of too much spirit to submit to indignities disgraceful even to the fourteenth century. His Majesty of Bavaria, father to this Otho, is permitting subscriptions to be opened in his dominions, on behalf of the Germans who have been chased from their plundering expedition in Greece.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—In the dramatic department of the theatre this week there has been really good names in the casts, and good pieces for performance, yet strange to say, the attendance has not been good, even although there has not been any special attraction anywhere else. Can it really be that the days of Shakspeare have expired as regards representation? As matter of reading and reflection that can never be unless there should happen a universal return to barbarism. But so it is, that even with such a play as "Julius Cæsar," with such representatives of the principal characters as Wallack, Booth, Wheatley, Barry, and Chippendale, the benefit of a long-cherished favourite to boot, and the play followed by one of the best old stock comedies of the British stage, there was but a very thin assemblage to do honour to him who, but a very few years ago, was the idol of the New York stage, and to whom assurance was eagerly proffered to redeem him from inevitable calamity. Hackett also, whose personations of Falstaff, and whose performances of American peculiarities, are

beyond rivalry—he also has lent his aid at the Park theatre this week, and his success has been commensurate with that of the other meritorious artists. But the moment that music steps in—that is, music of first-rate quality—a redeeming feature appears. Madame Cinti Damoreau and M. Artôt have been engaged for two nights, the lady to sing a few scenes or concertant with the violin, and the gentleman to give a specimen or two more of his taste and skill in the management of the last named exquisite instrument. This *en passant* through the city to fulfil other engagements. We regret that we cannot describe from experience the effect on Thursday evening, but we know enough of these highly distinguished artists to be aware that it was all that refined criticism could wish, and we learn that there was an excellent house to greet them on their appearance.

No sooner, however, does Artôt retire from the scene, than another, whom fame represents as still greater than he, comes forward. Who, that lives in the musical world, has not heard of the wonderful Norwegian Violinist, Ole Bull. Upon him, in the opinion of European critics, the mantle of Paganini fell, and there are those who assert that it is not large enough for its inheritor. We have heard Paganini, times and again, but never this new wonder; we may be pardoned, therefore, in being hard of belief, and that we should require oracular demonstration before we admit such a prodigy. Nevertheless, the very raising of the question is illustrative of the acknowledged great talents of Ole Bull. No sooner had he arrived here than Rumour, with her hundred tongues, gave out her numerous reports; the most prominent one of which was that Mr. Ole Bull intended to give a limited number of concerts in the city, and that he should sell his tickets at three dollars each. We instantly doubted that report, for he could not but have the example of Paganini before his eyes, who, in London, in 1831, trusting to his professional character, attempted to double the Opera House prices for himself, and even there he found it necessary to retract in time. The three dollar system would not be tolerated here, even for one concert. The latest news we have heard is, that Ole Bull has taken (hired) the Park Theatre for four nights, at a certain sum per night, and will perform at fair prices. This will do, and he will be amply compensated.

The Violin seems to be quite in the ascendant just now, for close on the heels of Ole Bull will come young *Vieuxtemps*, whose excellence has procured for him the title of "the Prince of Violinists!" Can admiration proceed any farther! Yes, for Camillo Sivori, who has thrown France and England into ecstasies, may probably come among us as "The Emperor!" We hope elevation may not proceed to an apotheosis.

* * * Since writing the above we find that the last report is the true one, M. Ole Bull will make his first appearance this evening, at the Park Theatre.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the second season since the institution of this truly excellent musical association, was given last Saturday evening at the Apollo Rooms, and it went off in most capital style. The saloon was quite full, but through the careful management of a committee of attendance, there was no inconvenience to the audience. Beethoven's beautiful symphony in A flat was played for the first time, and in a masterly manner; a little timidity, perhaps, at the opening movement, but the band soon acquired confidence enough. There are no fewer than five movements in this fine composition; indeed, as the minuet and the trio are so different in character we may almost say six. The subject has been applied, with some probability, to the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, and without drawing very largely on the fancy it may apply well enough; but on such a matter there is always scope enough for the imagination. The Signora Castellan then sang a cavatina by Nini from the "Ida della Torre" in splendid style; which ended the first part. The second part consisted of the overture to the "Zauberflöte," a cavatina from "Lucia di Lammermoor," sung by Castellan, and concluding with the "Jubilee" overture by Weber; the last of which was encored. The singing of Signora Castellan was in more spirited style than we have observed in her before, and it was warmly applauded. The rich tones of her lower notes were delightful to the ear. The most faulty part of the general effect arose from the very thin and meagre tones of the oboe; and we must take the liberty to observe that Mr. Hill, in conducting, wanted more determination. When a part "dragged" occasionally, he certainly observed it, but rather gave way to it, instead of inflexibly proceeding and making more on the alert. It requires great resolution to keep a band of fifty performers "up to the mark."

The following have just been published by Mr. Millet at his Music Saloon, No. 329 Broadway:—

The Overture to the Opera of "La Fille du Regiment." By Donizetti.—This overture is the most pleasing, if not the most scientific, of any that have come from the hand of this distinguished master. It is here arranged for the pianoforte in very able style, and will prove very effective in private society.

Valses de "la Fille du Regiment." Arranged by Musard.—The very name of Musard is a sufficient passport for a composition of this kind, but the motifs likewise are very graceful.

Quadrilles from "Les Diamans de la Couronne."—These also are by Musard, and have similar claims to regard with those we have just mentioned.

Quadrilles from "Le Domino Noir."—Again, Musard! He is the very prince of Quadrille arrangement, and whether he compose the melodies, or adapt them from favourite operas, he is always sure to make them attractive and graceful.

Literary Notices.

ANTHON'S VIRGIL. New York. Harpers. The industry, the useful industry and research of Professor Anthon, is as surprising as it is praiseworthy. He is not contented, as most scholars are, in occupying himself with profound linguistic difficulties, and the elucidation of obscure passages for the furtherance of his own erudition or to add to the triumphs of his literary character, but he sits

seriously and continuously to the task—heaven knows an ungracious one—of explaining the text, unfolding the beauties, and clearing away the obscurities of these works which, by universal consent, lie at the root of classic education. To read the learned languages, or indeed any languages, truly, it is necessary to be acquainted with their structure and laws. Professor Anthon has supplied Latin and Greek Grammars of the fullest and most lucid characters. To familiarize the young student with the best prose styles, specimens should be collected and offered for study. Professor Anthon has given these specimens under the names of "Readers." To read the ancient poets with elegance, it is necessary to know the quantities of the words they use, the nature of scansion, the various metrical feet in use by them, the adaptation of particular metres to particular classes of subjects, and, in short, all the more refined and delicate qualities which are peculiar to each language. Professor Anthon has supplied works on the prosody of the Latin and of the Greek language, which, with ordinary care, will enable the classical student to be greatly enlightened thereon. He has turned to the classic works of catholic use in academical study, and he supplies the Commentaries of Caesar, the orations of Cicero, the historical work of Sallust, the entire works of Horace, and last, though not least, the *Æneid* of Virgil, with copious notes, philological, historical, theological, social, political, and critical, of a nature and quality eminently qualified to render the texts of the several authors clear, and the subjects on which they treat familiar, and also to purify the taste and correct the judgment. That he might not leave his learned labours imperfect he has given to the world an admirable Classical Dictionary of proper names, and one equally so of antiquities; and to crown all here comes a Greek Lexicon by his learned associate in scholastic labours, but which has had his revising eye and the sanction of his approval.

With respect to the Virgil, now before us, it consists only of the *Æneid*, the text of which is kept clear from the notes, the latter being placed at the end of the poem. They are exceedingly copious, and will be found invaluable to the student; the well-read latinist also will find much to gratify both curiosity and taste. At the end of the edition is a dictionary of the proper names used in the poem, and also a metrical *clavis* explanatory of the scansion of particular lines of the work.

Of the "getting up" of this edition we cannot speak in terms of desert too high. The paper is of the very best quality; the type, which is round and clear, seems to be new for the occasion; the size is a large 12mo., and the volume though thick is portable. It does the highest credit to the publishers, and makes one sigh for a return to those days when an easily readable work was not thought dear at a fair price.

ORIGIN OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. By John McIntosh. New York. Nafis & Cornish.—The author of this ingenious work has sedulously applied himself to the solution of the problem which forms the title of his book. He is peculiarly qualified for his task inasmuch as he is both a traveller and a linguist, and in the investigation he not only applies similarities of usage, belief, and physical qualities, but also has taken into account the radiations of language from the primitive roots, and endeavoured to trace out their progress. He makes great use of comparisons in every way that may elucidate his purpose, and, although we cannot in all things coincide with him, we think he has been, in the main, successful. His introductory matter adds to the quantity but not much to the usefulness of the volume, and his account of Columbus and his discovery is rather commonplace.

SACRED POEMS. By N. P. Willis.—It is an article of the soundest literary creed that Amplification is one of the most difficult figures of language to deal with; it being generally found that the more the substance is spread out the thinner it becomes. In plain words, that it requires a genius of no common capacity to extend a thought or an incident originally expressed with pointed simplicity and brevity. Upon no description of literature is amplification more difficult than are scriptural texts, whether of doctrine or of narrative, and hence many writers generally display more of temerity than of judgment in chusing such subjects whereon to display their attainments and feelings. From such reflections and imputations, however, the author of these sacred Poems stands nobly clear. He has not weakened the strong and touching simplicity of the narratives on which he has dwelt; he has not lessened the noble sublimity which is their most striking characteristic; but he has brought more touchingly, clearly, and fully the circumstances which one may well believe to have accompanied the several events, these would be likely to rise up in the mind in the course of their perusal, even in the sacred scriptures themselves. Circumstances which the preacher would call up, in the course of his discourses, are here vividly, fluently, and eloquently touched in the lines of the poet, who, nevertheless, lets the divine and emphatical expressions found in the sacred narratives, have their literal and striking force, unadulterated by uninspired amplification. These fancied circumstances, for many of them, not supplied by the sacred text, are such, are striking evidences that Mr. Willis possesses both splendour and delicacy of imagination, profound depth of feeling, pious and heart-humble emotions, the imagery of a poet, and the piety of a christian. We know not to which of those poems to give the preference, for they all breathe of ambrosial sweetness, and partake of holy admiration; we cannot read one of them in a proper spirit without being the better for it, and esteem for the author must increase as the reader proceeds. It is a great mistake to imagine that one whose aspect is cheery, whose lucubrations are for the most part lively, and whose works are in demand on account of the charming gossip they contain, should be incapable of grappling with more hallowed subjects. Who should be more likely to feel a religious elevation than he who is of a cheerful temperament and elastic spirits! We speak not of a spirit of levity, but of that chastened brightness which shines through all that comes from the pen of Willis. We have, in the poems before us, proof sufficient that the characteristics of the mind may co-exist in harmony, and charm the public taste as they doubtless have afforded charms to his own heart.

These poems have appeared in an extra "New Mirror," of which the ac-

complished writer is one of the editors; and we rejoice to perceive that more is forthcoming, of a quality similar to that which is before us.

* * We have articles on "The New York Vocal Society," the "Olympic and Bowery Theatres," "Niblo's Equestrian Circus," various "Literary Notices," and other matters in Type, but are obliged to defer them for want of room.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

ENGRAVED IN ORIGINAL AND VERY SUPERIOR STYLE FOR
THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

We have at length the pleasure to announce that our long-promised engraving of WASHINGTON is out of the hands of the distinguished engraver, Mr. J. Halpin, to whose skill it was confided, and that it will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days. We have examined it with pleasure and pride, and notwithstanding the bias which every one is believed to have in favour of that which is his own, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is *by far* the best executed portrait of Washington that has been engraved in the United States. It is a literal copy from the Painting, by the celebrated American artist, Gilbert Stuart, which at present adorns the State house at Hartford, Connecticut, and which has been pronounced by many, who knew the great American patriot in his latter years, as a most correct likeness. The price of such an engraving, under ordinary circumstances, would be considerably greater than that of a year's subscription to THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but the number of copies which we venture to presume will be required, induce us to enter upon so expensive an enterprise. We must, however, be distinctly understood when we say that this plate of WASHINGTON cannot be given to any but to present subscribers who have paid their full year in advance, and to NEW Subscribers who shall pay for a full year or more in advance. It must be obvious that to none other can so expensive a present be afforded. The price to non-subscribers will be upon the lowest scale that circumstances will permit, namely—Prints, two dollars—Proofs, three dollars.

Park Theatre.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 27.—Mr. HACKETT'S Benefit and last appearance—"The Man of the World,"—Sir Pertinax, Mr. Hackett.
TUESDAY—Mad. CINTI DA MOREAU and Mous. ARTOT'S last appearance.
WEDNESDAY—2d night of OLE BULL'S appearance.
THURSDAY—A Comedy and other entertainments.
FRIDAY—3d night of OLE BULL'S appearance.
SATURDAY—A variety of entertainments.

A GRADUATE of a distinguished University, with the best Academic, as well as personal qualifications of character, is desirous of devoting a few hours of the day or evening to the private tuition of the junior members of a family, in the Elementary Branches of Classic and English education. A line addressed T. H., at the Office of the Anglo American, will be promptly attended to. Nov. 11.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.	Do do 2, fine do	Do do 3, medium do
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The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.
Joseph GilloTT's Caligraphic Pen, No 8—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a groce, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—
Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.
The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

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Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—
Patent, Magnum Bonum,
Victoria, Damascus,
Eagle, New York Fountain,
Peruvian,
on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.
A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-15.

CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum;" Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, No. 6 Ann Street Aug. 19-11.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WREARS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.
REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven'ble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-11.

Sanderson's Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,
Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.
PHILADELPHIA.

[July 15-3m]

VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE. Price \$22, smaller size \$15.—This instrument comprises two Globes in union as in Nature, an Armillary Sphere, a Planetarium, and a universal Sun Dial; it will resolve all the principles and facts in Astronomy, in a simple easy manner. It is a model of Nature, with whose movements it corresponds. To be had at Vale's Nautical School, 94 Roosevelt Street, New York, where also Lessons on the instrument may be obtained. Sept. 23-11.

WEBSTER AND NORTON,

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New Orleans.

L. J. Webster,
A. L. Norton.
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y. Aug. 26-11.
J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.
Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.
Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably. May 27-3m.